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Lillie Langtry

THE

Millionaire Tramp

BY

SNIVIG C. TREBOR

Robert C. Givins

AUTHOR OF "THE UNWRITTEN WILL," "LAND POOR," ETC., ETC.

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The Millionaire Tramp.

BY SNIVIG C. TREBOR.

CHAPTER I.

AN ANCIENT FEUD.

"Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of color, weight and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty."

Landsdowne is a name to be found in the parish records of Maidestone, England, for several centuries.

The Margates came in 1776, from an advanced farming section of the north, ready to give the benefit of their advice to all about them.

Squire Landsdowne, being a near neighbor, received a generous share; but, having lorded it over the community for many years he, unfortunately, was not inclined to be dictated to.

Differences arising between them grew till one day the original Squire Landsdowne was ploughing in a new and stony field. The day was oppressive. He had sworn enough since breakfast to fulfill the requirements of a sea captain. The horses were nervous and balky, flies numerous and bothersome, and as the ploughshare would frequently

antagonize a boulder of unusual proportions the Squire would pave the atmosphere with old-fashioned profanity.

"'Hoo' art thee th' day, Squire?" said the original Margate as he folded his arms leisurely over the stone fence which acted as a division line between a section of their farms. The Squire answered with a puff, and wiping the perspiration hurriedly from his brow he caught the plough again without attempting to stop. Five paces ahead, directly on the line of his last furrow and the coming ploughshare was a huge stone, to avoid which required all the ingenuity and dexterity the Squire possessed.

"Ye's doan't pere to understan' the knack of holdin' the ploo as we do north'ard," said Mr. Margate, in rather a loud and authoritative tone of voice. The Squire, simultaneously with this remark, hit the rock full abreast, the concussion almost jerking him off his feet.

Vesuvius burst in all its glory, and as the Squire threw the ploughshare over on its side, he hissed through his volcanic throat with all the pent-up venom of a year:

"Why the devil, sir, didn't you stay up north?" The original Margate made no reply, but retraced his steps to his home, atrociously and pointedly insulted. Three generations passed away, but the animosity did not. It was bequeathed like an heirloom and became intensified as developed in the succeeding new blood.

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It was 1876. A century had passed. Squire John Landsdowne number three had the same hard features of his ancestor. The house had been rebuilt. A magnificent structure stood upon the site of its predecessor, containing all the improvements that modern art could suggest. Wonderful hedges, variegated foliage neatly

trimmed, parterres carefully kept, rich green lawns, statuary along the walks, deer grazing in the park. A great change had come over the spirit of the old place. The handiwork of modern design had changed the old-fashioned home into elaborate rooms, stately halls, majestic windows and flower-clad balconies; in fact, a palace was Landsdowne Hall.

The Margates, too, were not to be outdone. On the hill, through the stately oaks, shone the glittering dome of their elegant residence, jealous rivalry keeping up one continual effort to outdo the other family in the magnificence of their respective abodes. The fences, gates and buildings were massive, the lawns and gardens, too, were tastily and beautifully kept, and a small Eden was opened to view as one peeped up the long avenue from the highway leading to "Oak Hill," a name lately conferred upon the place.

The present Margate, whose Christian name was Archibald, was well informed, possessing intelligence far beyond the ordinary country gentleman; a patient student, proficient in many arts and sciences, well posted in the current topics of the day, in politics a whig, and a leader in many issues which affected his section of the country. Being a fluent and earnest speaker his chance, for gaining a seat in parliament at no distant day was regarded as favorable.

Archibald Margate had an only son, upon whom he staked great possibilities. Warren, a bright, energetic youth of nineteen, tall and keen-eyed, and of such a gay and cheerful disposition that he had earned many friends among his collegiate acquaintances.

Warren could pull a good stroke, bat a fair innings at cricket, and was by no means raw in fencing, boxing, and

other athletic pastimes; true, he had coursing through his veins a little of the obtrusive and dictatorial spirit of the Margates, but, underlying this, was a stratum of good nature and mirthfulness, taken from his mother, a dear, light-hearted lady, that rather offset the former.

Lillie, his sister, seventeen, and the prettiest girl in all Kent, was so attached to him that she looked forward with dread to the approaching end of his vacation.

* * * * * *

Charles Landsdowne, the only son of Squire Landsdowne, was a fine, manly fellow, with intelligent dark eyes, clear, bright, resolute face, and a powerful neck, which, alone, indicated the stubbornness of his race; genial and kind, he was a faithful friend but a dangerous opponent when crossed, as many a young man who had measured backs with him on the playground sand at Maidestone College well knew.

His favorite sport was shooting, to which he devoted much of his leisure time. He inherited the aversion to the Margates, but it had been noticed that during services in St. Mark's Church on the hill, in the old-fashioned square family pew, Young Landsdowne would sit in such a position that fair Lillie Margate's face could be viewed without much effort; and so, too, it was only human that he might once in a great while catch a gleam of light from her lovely, flashing eyes. But this was only during a very interesting sentence of the worthy rector's sermon, and when the sturdy head of the venerable Squire was turned in the opposite direction.

The families never interchanged a word.

One bright Sunday morning, the church being crowded, Lillie had waited to talk a moment at the close

of the services with a young lady in a neighboring pew. While passing through the crowd to overtake her family she accidentally dropped her prayer book. Young Landsdowne hesitated for a moment—he was near her in the aisle. He picked it up, bowed politely—blushed. Yes, a manly, healthy blush, and returned it to her. Did Lillie respond in the same manner? Aye! it was the crimson which can only mount to the cheek of a maiden pure and free from all affectation. And the smile which accompanied it came from a heart in which the family animosity had found no place.

* * * * * *

There was a farm hand at Landsdowne Hall named William Lindley, of sullen temperament, hard-working enough, but inclined to have trouble with the men. He had been warned by the Squire twice; a third warning was equivalent to a dismissal at the Hall. This man had been in the habit of visiting the kitchen of the Margates to see a young woman employed as assistant cook, named Phœbe. It came to the notice of young Warren Margate that this fellow meant no good by his frequent visits; and on one sultry starlight evening while Warren was enjoying a walk on the lawn back of the house he overheard a conversation between Phœbe and the man which fully confirmed his suspicions. Young Margate walked up to him and demanded peremptorily by what right he trespassed upon the grounds. The answer was sullen and impertinent: "What business be this of yourn, young maester, perhaps as you be sweet on the girl yourself?"

"I will make it my business, you scoundrel," quickly responded Margate.

"Them's big words from a hinsignifica't chap as ought to be a gentleman," sneered Lindley. "You be a big un on your own grown' no doubt." Lindley was a powerful man and a brute in all his instincts. He was aware that young Margate was something of an athlete but thought his own muscular superiority sufficient to counterbalance his opponent's science. "Now young un, 'it the first blow, as I don't want ter commence the assault;" and, true to the admonition, Margate landed a terrific left-hander on Lindley's face which reeled him; following his adversary up Margate led with his right, before Lindley had time to rally and knocked him down. Lindley, enraged at being struck so keenly, rose to his feet and made a terrible kick at Margate, which fortunately missed him.

"You dastardly coward," exclaimed Margate, excitedly, at this outrage, "I'll show you how to fight." Margate quickly disrobed him of his coat, put up his arms in a true and scientific manner, and led a severe blow on Lindley's swollen face. Phœbe had run to the house for help; finding no one she returned with a broom, a woman's usual weapon of defence. As Margate sparred about for a chance he caught a glimpse of Phœbe and ordered her to retire.

Lindley made several desperate lunges at his nimble adversary, his anger increasing at his ineffectual blows.

One of Lindley's wild passes made a severe bruise on young Margate's forehead, drawing the blood. Margate now summoned up all his strength, striking right and left from the shoulder, forcing the enemy back and getting three magnificent blows on his adversary's face.

Lindley rushed forward in a dogged, obstinate manner, apparently half stupefied with the punishment. Margate, taking advantage of his carelessness, administered a sledge-

hammer upper cut which completely knocked Lindley off his feet.

Then grasping him by the collar he jerked him unwillingly down the lane to the highway and giving him a parting shove towards Landsdowne Hall, said: "There, now, you dog, never let me see you on these premises again." Lindley shambled hurriedly along the road; when at a safe distance he turned, and shaking his fist, called out through the darkness, "I'll get even with ye yet, young devil."

CHAPTER II.

A CHANCE MEETING.

"It matters not the antagonistic blood,
Or opposition of stern religious creed,
All barriers will drift away with Time's great flood
If never dying true-love be the planted seed."

Soon after this occurrence at Oak Hill Charles Landsdowne had occasion to transact some business about two miles from his home, and, as the weather was pleasant, he went afoot. Returning, it was becoming twilight. It was one of those beautiful autumn evenings we wish could always remain with us; the golden leaves were falling on the roadside, the myrtle and sumach in the corners of the fields shone forth resplendent with their autumnal hues. In the distance could be heard the irregular tinkling of the cow-bells as the faithful kine wandered lazily homeward. The bobolink was singing his evening hymn. The hop gardens and Kentish landscape over the undulating fields, lit by the fading rays of the sinking sun, made a beautiful picture. He paused to look back on these familiar scenes, and his mind entered a channel of happy and ambitious thought. He was day-dreaming of the brilliant prospect in store for him. His father was getting on in years and would soon retire from the active field of life, and he, as inheritor of Landsdowne Hall, would soon occupy an enviable position among his neighboring acquaintances. "I will not be content with the ordinary

title of Squire," he said; "a name must be made for the family—Sir Charles Landsdowne! that sounds aristocratic. But stay, I am dreaming; the very substance of these ambitious thoughts is merely the shadow of a dream."

As he thus mused his thoughts reverted to the fair face of Lillie Margate, and while this angel vision flitted past he indeed heard the rustling of her wings; for, lo! a few steps behind him in the road, advancing with hurried steps, came none other than she. Lillie had been visiting some girl friend and was returning home. As she passed she bowed pleasantly. Landsdowne hesitated a moment, and then, raising his hat politely, he stepped beside her and begged permission to accompany her. His gallantry was accepted with the same sweet smile he had encountered in the church aisle. "Think of it," he said; "a Margate and a Landsdowne walking home together."

"Something that has not happened in three generations," replied Lillie, slightly embarrassed.

Landsdowne was a brave youth; but, nevertheless, no snare-drum expert ever beat a more efficient tattoo than did his heart against the innermost portals of his vest upon this memorable occasion.

Mustering up courage Charles broke the silence which succeeded Lillie's last sage rejoinder:

"Just think of it; you and I ought to have been playmates."

"Yes," she replied; "instead of being born to dread each other like young wild beasts."

More courage.

"Then we will dispel this absurd antagonism, won't we?"

"Yes, we must," cheerily the pretty maiden answered, her cheeks suffused with rosy blushes. She was clad in

an ordinary waterproof wrapper, and as the evening dew would soon begin to fall she had raised her hood. In this simple attire, facing towards the West, her usually bright face reflected the bright rays of the setting sun, and simultaneously illumined with joy the doubting heart of young Landsdowne.

As the evening faded into night Lillie accepted the proffered arm, and the Squire's son wished that the walk home was one hundred miles instead of one. Leisurely they strolled along, and many pleasant allusions were made to their clandestine acquaintanceship.

"How the Governor would stare should he meet us now," chuckled Landsdowne. At the very thought the Margate held on more firmly to the Landsdowne arm and shrugged her graceful shoulders. That she should abhor the Squire was innate, but for what real reason this cheerful maiden could not tell.

"Who is that?" exclaimed Charles, as he came to a dead halt. "It's the Governor, or I am not his son."

True enough. In the high-seated sulky, hitched to "Bonny Doon," his favorite night horse, sat, severe and stately, in bold relief against the fading twilight, none other than the sturdy Squire.

Miss Margate, quick as a flash, turned to march on as if not in company with young Landsdowne, but in this case woman's adroitness was surpassed by man's presence of mind; for Charles, standing directly in front, she became completely eclipsed by his broad shoulders. The Squire jogged along without taking the slightest notice of them, he being, as usual, busy ruminating over some matter pertaining to the estate.

"Oh, my! how glad I am he did not see us," exclaimed Lillie, in a whisper.

"Ah! but he saw me. I'll wager he is going over to old Judge Orcott's for supper. They are discussing some political problem, and, perhaps, the Governor is making up his argument."

No sooner had the words escaped his lips than a deep voice hallooed through the dusk:

"Hi there! Charley boy, is that you?"

The Squire would never allow anything to interfere with his cogitations, and when his mental argument was concluded he recollected having seen his son.

"Yes, sir," answered the son.

"Do you want to go with me?"

"No, thanks, I will go home."

The Squire disappeared.

They were nearing the gate of Oak Hill when Lillie said:

"Mr. Landsdowne, I am exceedingly sorry I cannot ask you in."

"Never mind," he answered, "you and I must go to work and clear away this mist of unfriendliness"—tightly holding her hand—"and now we must part."

She held down her head a moment, and then, looking up quickly in his face, she made no reply; a little, sparkling tear could be seen in one corner of her lustrous eye.

"I am exceedingly thankful for your company and your protection. Good night! Good night!"

Landsdowne noticed a slight tremor in her voice as she spoke the last good night. Raising his hat, he replied:

"My dear Miss Margate, *Adieu! till we meet again.*"

CHAPTER III.

TROUBLE BREWING.

"There is nae luck about the house,
There is nae luck at all."

When Lillie Margate passed up the avenue, through the front yard, after her walk with Landsdowne, Wallace, their old Scotch gardener, stood at the front gate, his mouth open wide with amazement.

"It couldna be, it couldna be. Th' Landsdowne son ta'kin' to our Miss! Deery me! Oh! deery me! Gude lordy! I fere there's treble bruin', treble bruin', and it's Freeday th' day. Ill luck! ill luck!"

This jumble was partly overheard by Lillie, but believing it impossible for "Wallie" to have identified Landsdowne, as by that time it had grown quite dark, she entered the house, paying no further attention to the old man's remarks.

A strange superstition existed among the servants of these peculiar families, and old Wallace slept but little that night; he regarded the event of the "make up" as portentous of evil. However, he kept his knowledge of the clandestine meeting of Charles and Lillie a dead secret, believing silence as essential in this case as after a bad dream.

Saturday, the day following, was usually devoted by young Landsdowne to shooting grouse in the thickets about two miles back from the highway, a spot he had

visited every fall for many years. He was an expert shot with the fowling piece and was known as such the country over.

The day dawned favorably for a good day's sport. He knew the thickets so well he did not take his famous hunting dog, Sport, who howled dismally as, imprisoned in his kennel, he saw his master pass along the lane.

His gun had been properly cleaned and loaded the evening before by one of the farm hands, and he started out on a brisk walk, as it was a fresh and chilly morning.

Reaching the thicket he crossed the fence, making a short cut to a spot where he had frequently had good luck. He noticed immediately in front of him on the ground a fine brace of grouse; as he was about to raise his gun the form of a man appeared, partially hidden by the thicket. Not desiring to lose his shot he was about to fire at the game, when the bending of a bough, against which his right arm rested, caused the muzzle of the gun to sway out of line with the birds; in an instant his forefinger touched the hair-trigger; a loud report, and, gazing through the smoke following the discharge, he soon beheld a sight that chilled his blood, riveting him for a moment to the spot. Before him lay the prostrate form of Warren Margate, breathing heavily. Rushing forward through the thicket he raised Margate's head in his arms.

"Merciful Heaven! there is no hope," exclaimed Landsdowne.

The entire load of shot had entered his neck, puncturing the jugular vein. It was but a few minutes ere life would depart forever. Quickly attempting to stop the flow of blood with his handkerchief, he discovered some of the pieces had entered the brain.

"My God! Margate, speak to me. What have I done?

Oh, horrible accident! Oh, luckless fate! Help! help!" He shouted in vain.

Poor Warren lifted his eyes from which the light of the world was quickly fading. He made a desperate attempt to speak, but the dark red blood gurgled in his manly throat, and the only words Landsdowne could distinguish sounded like "Two shots! Two shots!" Sinking in a faint he could say no more.

There was an expression on his face which meant something Landsdowne could not interpret. Margate, in his dying moments, had endeavored to make some sign that Landsdowne would comprehend; but, alas! he breathed his last five minutes after receiving his death wound.

Landsdowne wept bitter tears over the sad accident. Tenderly covering the remains with the shooting coat removed from the body, he started homewards. Retracing his steps a few paces he paused to consider what was best to be done. The full force of his unfortunate position dawned upon him; dropping his gun and throwing up his arms in an appealing attitude to heaven, he exclaimed:

"Merciful God, I am lost! I am a doomed man; there is no hope. If I return to Landsdowne Hall I will be convicted and hung. Who will believe a Landsdowne entertained no malice against a Margate, and that this shooting was an accident?" He wrung his hands.

"What have I done? brought disgrace and disaster on the name of Landsdowne forever. Wait; there is but one chance. I will take it."

Quickly hurrying back to the fatal spot he kneeled over the chilling form and, kissing the cold forehead, said:

"Good-bye! poor boy. Did you but know the truth. Could you but speak. Oh, heaven! so young. What a fate!"

Looking up he imagined he heard the rustling of leaves as though some one approached. He arose, walking hurriedly to an open spot in the thicket; he looked over the fence and beheld in the distance the glittering vanes of Landsdowne Hall. 'Twas one last look, and as he turned to leave he raised his hat, saying:

"Farewell, my home! My home no longer now."

He started in a roundabout way toward the main road and was seen no more.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FAREWELL RECEPTION.

"Who would guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet, such awful morn could rise."

It was toward five o'clock on the afternoon of the same day. Old Wallie, the gardener, who had been picking a few choice roses from the hot-house to decorate the dark tresses of Lillie that evening, called at the door.

There was to be a farewell reception at Oak Hill for Warren, who would not be home again till Christmas.

Several college chums residing in the neighboring towns had been invited, together with some young ladies, the daughters of well-to-do farmers, and a few relatives and friends from the city. In fact, quite a little entertainment was provided and a joyous time anticipated.

Old Wallace sighed as he handed Miss Lillie the flowers.

"Why, my dear old 'Wallie,' what is troubling you? What makes you so sad?"

The old man shook his head but said nothing. He went out as was his habit when anything worried him, and sat and smoked on the stile by the orchard "a bit" before supper.

As he sat there the smoke from his ancient clay pipe curled up spirally into the clear air. Of what was the old man thinking? He was picturing in his mind all the attempts during his career at reconciliation between the families, when who should come crawling along with his

peculiar gait but his neighbor, John Tague, who, sixty years ago, was a playmate of his on the verdure-clad hills of Scotland.

"Weel, John, how be it wie thee, my mon?"

"Ah! the same auld sang; nothing much a doo and a plenty o' gude eatin'," replied John.

"Sit doon, mon, and ta'k a bit. I've been bruidin' o'er forebodin's a' th' day, John," said Wallie, as he puffed reverentially with his black pipe.

"Deen the young meister ha' o' luick the day?"

"That as I is trooblin' aboot."

"Ye nae meanin' that aught happened the boy, lad?"

"Nae, I hope not, but it's a lang time o' his returnin'. Did ye nae hear o' the rumpus he had?"

John pulled out his pipe and looked at Wallie with profound astonishment.

"What, th' mon Lindlee, be he Yorkshire or Lancashire I dinna nae ken, was a makin' oop to the girrel o' th' kitchin', and he meant nae gude—leasten sae the young meister thot, an' he basted both on the rogue's eyes, and whirrirred him oot o' the lan gate lak o' cur doeg."

"Gude, gude," heartily laughed old John, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "He's a brave un, the young gintleman."

"But I fere it's nae gude thing after all, as I nae laked the luike o' that sulkin' brute, Lindlee," said Wallie.

"Young meister went a gunnin' th' day, an' he asked wha' the spots for the grouse o' the ruffled kine run last eve," earnestly spoke John.

Wallie relit his pipe, and said with a yawn:

"I'd feel mesel easier to see him in yon gate."

John Tague stretched himself, yawned, and walked off without saying a word. Wallie walked in to supper.

* * * * * *

Warren Margate's fall vacation was drawing to a close, and he had determined to have a day at the grouse in the thickets before returning to college. So it happened that on the evening prior to this he had applied to old John Tague, a neighbor and crack shot, for a little information regarding the best spots to find the game. At the time he was talking to Tague, whom he met on the road in front of Tague's house, Lindley came up, but seeing Warren he scowled sullenly and walked away.

It was an hour before the time when the company was expected.

Mrs. Margate inquired of Wallie if Warren had returned. Receiving a negative reply, Edward, a boy working on the place, was dispatched to a neighbor's to see if he might have gone there, as he would probably have exhibited his game to Albert Fielding, a college chum, a mile down the road, had he been successful. The boy returned. No news.

The stately lamps on the wide veranda were lit. The gate lights cleaned and hung up. Wallie ate but little, his face was pale, and the hired girls jibed him, but he made no reply. Along came several jolly, laughing girl friends of Lillie's. The music usual to the country dance arrived.

It began to be whispered about, "Where is the host?" Lillie came down stairs radiant with happiness, her dark hair decorated with the loveliest of roses. She was indeed bewitching.

"Never mind brother, he will be here in a few minutes," she gayly replied to many inquiries.

"Oh, girls! the music has come," she said; "let us have a little impromptu dance."

Mrs. Margate came down in her new dress looking

almost the counterpart of her daughter, notwithstanding the lights and shadows of fifty years had swept her well preserved fair face, saying:

"Is it not too bad Warren is not here. I am really becoming annoyed at him. He has gone shooting, and those wild boys never know when to desist."

Time passed on. It was eight o'clock. Mrs. Margate looked distressed and retired to her room. The mirth of the party seemed to die away and foreboding whisperings took its place. Albert Fielding, who had just arrived, proposed to two or three young men to organize a search for him. A loud knock at the front door announced some one. All rushed forward to welcome the missing host. It proved to be the senior Margate, who had been to the city.

When informed of Warren's mysterious absence a slight pallor spread over Archibald's usually ruddy face.

He had been informed of the late trouble with Lindley, and knew some mischief might come of it. After saluting the guests and conversing with and comforting his wife, he retired to his study.

At this juncture young Fielding proposed to organize a hunt, which proposal was heartily accepted by all hands, for he was as nimble as a deer and as powerful as an ox: a fit leader, ready for an adventure at a moment's notice.

The party was soon prepared for the start. Old Wallie, with a large lamp and a coil of rope, strutted about the yard with considerable officiousness.

"Where is Warren's dog? she'll trace him," shouted one. Loosing the spaniel from her chain, she, too, joined in the hunt with as much interest as the rest.

Lillie stood sobbing at the door as they disappeared in the darkness, the other girls comforting her.

The old gardener kept his eye on the spaniel, Gypsy.

"Now, lassie, gae scent oot th' young meister."

The dog crossed along the field and ran up and down several times to a lane some distance back of the house. The brute yelped several times, and whined, evidently indicating she had found the trail.

Wallie whistled to the spaniel to keep close. Following in the wake were a half dozen young men, Albert Fielding being next to Wallie, who knew every foot of ground on the estate. After walking stealthily for two miles they reached the thicket, the stone fence dividing the Margate property from that west of it. Along this fence the dog halted and barked, running up and down it several times. Gypsy seemed to have lost the trail, when suddenly she sprang and scrambled over the fence. The night was dark and the glarish rays from the lanterns lit up the brown leaves with an ominous light. Again Gypsy jumped the fence.

"He did not go in that direction," exclaimed Fielding.

"Puir boy, he's nae far awa from here," said old Wallie in a subdued and tremulous voice.

The latter remark of the old gardener caused a gloom to spread over the party momentarily, but when Gypsy again jumped the fence, a certain excitement prevailed.

"Let us go on," hurriedly shouted Fielding, as with one hand on the top he jumped the stone fence clear.

"Hand me a light," he said.

"Wait, mon; nae so fast. Wait for my auld bones;" and two of the party helped the old man over.

Gypsy was howling and barking. In a brief minute all had crossed the fence and were pushing their way through the thicket, young Fielding leading. In an open spot on the grass, covered by his coat, the flickering light of half

a dozen lanterns cast their rays on all that was mortal of the host of the evening, Warren Margate. With trembling hands, and tears running down his weather-beaten face, the old Scotchman lifted the coat gently from the body. A horrified murmur came from all mouths simultaneously:

"Murdered!!"

"Aye! and in cauld bluid, cauld bluid," said old Wallie, as he broke down with excitement and rested on the blood-stained grass.

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When Landsdowne left the thicket he gained the main road leading northward toward Chatham. He had but a few shillings about him. Caring nothing for food he stumbled and staggered along in a half dazed condition. Having traveled many miles, footsore and tired he sat under the friendly shadows of a veteran oak, which spread its rugged branches over the roadside. He soon fell into a melancholy reverie.

"Such is life," he said; "while sailing along in placid waters by a peaceful shore, a sudden storm arises, driving us hard upon the rocks; sitting perched up there, hungry and forlorn, we behold our only comfort, the distant sails of happiness that have past.

He fell asleep. In his dream he saw again the assuring smile of Lillie Margate; her dear eyes seemed to beam upon him, her voice called to him: "Charles, I know the truth."

A sunbeam through the oak leaves kissed the wanderer into wakefulness. As he rose to his feet the horror of the late accident pursued him. Looking at his watch he found he had slept over an hour.

"Ah! I must move on;" and again he trudged on his weary way. At sundown the spires and tall masts of vessels in the seaport city of Chatham could be seen in the distance.

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It was nearly 11 o'clock the night of the party at Margate's. The music had been dismissed, the brilliant lamps turned down, and a dread quietude reigned throughout the house. Archibald Margate remained in his library in a brown study. He sat in his easy chair with his hands shoved far into his capacious pockets. There was a look of calm sternness on his face, indicating a determination to accept the inevitable.

The old family clock in the hall was just chiming portentiously the hour. Calling a servant he inquired if any news had come—the same result as his inquiry at half-past ten,—"None, sir."

Mrs. Margate had lain down on the lounge in the back parlor; she was being comforted by two young ladies who had remained for their escorts to return and accompany them home.

Lillie was sitting chatting between suppressed sobs to some of the guests. Assuring words were being administered by those about her.

Fifteen minutes later the watch-dog announced the return of the party. No hurrahs, no shouts of joy. The very fact they did not cheer, the murmuring of voices through the night, cast a cloud over the hope cherished by Archibald Margate that his boy was safe.

"God be merciful!" he exclaimed; "What can it be?"

The lantern cast a light on something they were carrying on a rude stretcher made of boughs.

Margate rushed to meet them.

"Ah! puir meister, it's all oop wie your puir bye," said Wallie, as he hobbled along the lane, almost dead from fatigue.

We must draw the curtain down on the agonizing scene of a father's, mother's and sister's poignant grief at the loss of a loved and only son and brother.

CHAPTER V.

FATE FROWNS.

"With equal foot, rich friend, impartial Fate
Knocks at the cottage and the palace gate."

As the lights of Chatham shone forth, Landsdowne experienced that peculiar sensation that comes over one, who, under a cloud, enters a strange city. Lurking behind every corner seemed an enemy.

As he advanced, however, he became bolder, and while ruminating over his trouble, he exclaimed:

"Never mind, Landsdowne, you have one comfort, you are innocent, and the weight of a guilty conscience will not add to your burden of misfortune.

His feet were blistered with his heavy hunting boots. Feeling the pangs of hunger, he sought lodging at a small wayside inn, and slipping in unnoticed to the waiting-room told the landlord he wanted a bed and supper at once. After his repast he soon fell into a refreshing slumber, not waking till broad daylight. Leaving the inn he took the back streets and wandered about till he came to a news-stand. Purchasing a newspaper he looked it over eagerly, expecting to see the horror of the day before; but not a word. The news had not reached Maidestone in time for the early press. But as he passed the telegraph office he was horrified to see his name posted as the murderer of Warren Margate. At first he felt a desire to return and deny the outrageous charge, but upon second thought he knew how futile such an effort would be.

Proceeding to a small shop he purchased with his remaining few shillings a common sailor suit. He then changed his clothes, and found himself in almost complete disguise. He walked to the dock and witnessed for an hour a vessel preparing to leave, her destination being Philadelphia, U.S. Speaking to the captain, who appeared a good-natured, business sort of a party, he secured a position, as he was short of men.

"I kinder like your looks," said the American captain. "Can you write a good hand?"

"Yes, sir."

Entering the cabin of the Amazon, a brig-rigged vessel of large tonnage, Landsdowne signed his name in the book, James Darrow. The captain had been checking the invoice of the promiscuous articles which were being shipped aboard his craft, en route to the great Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia.

"Your some posted on writin' and keepin' accounts, I guess?"

"Yes sir."

"I see you scratch a good fist."

Darrow smiled.

"Now, I've some business up town and I will leave you to check off them goods as they come in. Ye don't drink, does ye? No? Well, I'll bet I can depend on you. That goldarned drunken idiot I've had gets fuller than a tick every time we strike port;" and the captain went away talking loudly to himself.

The sun was shining warm, and Darrow, with his sunburned face and sailor suit, could easily have been mistaken for an old salt.

He had not been keeping the account long when a man came walking leisurely up the dock, eyeing every one on

board. He came up and sat lazily on a box near the accountant.

Darrow was a man of iron nerve, and had the true grit of the ancient Landsdownes. The terrible events and fatigue in the past twenty-four hours had almost unnerved him; but he became self-possessed when he suspected this fellow was after information regarding him.

"Say, sir. Are you the captain or mate of this vessel?"

"Neither; I am a sailor."

Darrow went on with his tally, never looking up.

"We're looking for a cove as is wanted, and I would like to have you keep an eye for such a one. I should judge about your build; brown hair and eyes; a young man of good address; of good family, and his name be Charles Landsdowne. We have word from headquarters to look after him. Now, if such a party should show up he might ask a passage on your craft. Now, I'll give you my card, and if you see such a party you'll get enough for your trouble if you let me know on the sly;" accompanying his statement with a knowing wink. "There's my card, John Squibbs, detective, 80 Front street, Chatham.

Darrow took the card, indifferently putting it in his pocket; made another entry in his book, and said:

"All right; I'll keep my eye on such a man."

Tearing a leaf out of the back of his book he dotted down the description. Squibbs strolled along the dock to another vessel.

Darrow breathed easier as he tore the description of himself into atoms.

The captain returned and shortly the Amazon sailed quickly out of the harbor. As Landsdowne stood on the deck and saw Chatham, England, his home, all that he

loved and cherished on earth, melt from view, a sense of loneliness came over him. But he discovered that the Captain, although a rough fellow outwardly, was like an unpolished gem. When smoothed by respect and obedience his good qualities shone like a diamond.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

"Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death."

The morning after the remains of Warren Margate had been carried home Squire Landsdowne had risen early; he had missed Charles, and on making inquiries of the servants as to his whereabouts received no satisfactory reply. Lindley had busied himself mending a fence back of the house. Walking over to him the Squire asked:

"When did you see Master Charles last?"

Lindley started at the sound of his voice and almost dropped his hammer.

"Ain't seed 'im since yesterday, sir."

"Where was he then?"

"A gowen out a gunnin' for a bit o' grouse, sir."

"What time was this?" anxiously inquired the Squire.

"Aboot daylight; he was gowen out to yon thicket;" pointing over towards the woods.

"Why the devil did you not tell me this before?" sternly demanded the Squire.

"I specked as he'd been 'ome this good bit, for aught I knowed, sir. 'Pon 'onor, sir."

"Well, go and hitch up Black John, do you hear? I must go hunt the boy. Go on!"

As Lindley turned his head to go to the barn the Squire noticed his terribly black eyes and cut nose.

"Hold, sir;" exclaimed the Squire, suspecting something wrong. "Who's been pounding you? What's the trouble here?" irately demanded the Squire.

Lindley held his head down and mumbled, "Nothing, sir."

"There is! Speak, sir!" and the color rushed to the Squire's already florid cheeks.

Lindley endeavored to reply evasively, but the Squire, seizing him with his powerful grasp by the collar, shook him into a fluent utterance by one jerk.

"Well, sir, to tell the truth, sir, I was badly whipped, sir, by a party, sir."

"I want the whole story. What party?" the Squire demanded, thinking Charles' absence might have had something to do with Lindley's eyes.

"Well, sir, I'd been a courtin' of Margate's kitchen girl, sir, and it seems, sir, as though young Margate, sir, was jellus, or thereabouts, sir, or summat o' that kind, and he 'saulted me, sir, and beat me most terrific."

"What!!" roared the Squire, "young Margate beat my hired help?" and the Squire's anger at Lindley was turning, for the nonce, into sympathy for him, and bitter hatred toward all the Margate family, from ages back to the last born. Swearing a blue streak he donned his hat, grasped his heavy cane, and set out towards the Margate mansion. All the venom of three distinct generations raged in the old gentleman's breast.

"The insolent, interfering, insulting, northern upstart brat, I'll give him a talking to for attacking my hired man. My hired man," he repeated, with an air as though the man was his own son.

Reaching the gate of Oak Hill he saw a number of men

walking to and fro on the lawn. Several horses, with buggies and carriages, were hitched near the gate.

"What is going on here?" demanded the Squire of John Fielding, his friend, whom he saluted at the gate.

"Haven't you heard the awful news, Squire?"

Taken aback, and cooling down quickly from his irascible mood, the Squire stopped, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"What news?" he asked.

"Why, poor young Margate has been murdered."

Behind the roughness of Squire Landsdowne's nature there lurked a sympathetic disposition, and when Fielding spoke these words the accumulated malice disappeared like smoke. He had struck a chord in the Squire's heart few of his associates knew he possessed. The Squire rested his foot on the gate and listened attentively to the horrible recital.

"And, Squire, what is worse than all—man, I hate to tell you. You will forgive me?" and as Fielding put his hand on the old man's shoulder, he exclaimed with a voice full of emotion:

"*My God, sir, they suspect your boy.*"

Squire Landsdowne had had a peaceful life aside from the usual strife accompanying his vocation. He was widely and favorably known as a man of unimpeachable honor. No stain of dishonesty or crime had ever tainted the family name.

There was no blot on the family escutcheon; therefore, had an earthquake opened a chasm of one thousand feet in front of him, he could not have been more dumbfounded. He clung to the fence with both hands, trembling like an aspen leaf, his ruddy face pale to a distressing

degree, his eyes fixed as though he was stone. At length he spoke cautiously:

"Fielding, upon what grounds do they suspect my son?"

"Oh, Squire! my friend, I am sorry to bring such news to you," answered Fielding; "I hope, I sincerely hope, the suspicion is unfounded. They merely found a handkerchief with Charles' name on it. Your house has been watched, Squire, since 11 o'clock last night; Charles has not returned."

"Go on, tell me more, that part is true," replied the Squire, becoming more cool.

"One barrel of Charles' gun was found discharged, and, what is worse than all, the cartridge in the loaded barrel contained the same shot as that picked from the neck and brain of poor young Margate."

"Merciful God! is that true?" groaned the Squire, becoming agitated as the evidence of his son's guilt seemed to accumulate. He clutched the gate for support; he reeled as if to faint. Fielding, who was a powerful man, steadied him and tried to console him. Again assuming his accustomed sturdiness he started for the house.

"Don't go in, for the sake of heaven, don't."

"Let me go."

"No, Squire, do not I pray; it will only create a scene. Now, like a good man, let us proceed to your home and discuss this horrible accusation rationally."

The Squire clutched Fielding's arm and never spoke a word till he reached Landsdowne Hall.

"What time do they hold the inquest, Fielding?" asked the Squire, as he sat down in the large hall and buried his face in his hands.

"At eleven o'clock."

"It is now ten. One hour!" The Squire rushed to the door and shouted, "Hi, there!" to Lindley, who was still hammering at the fence.

"You saddle 'Royal George' and drive to Jenkins & Thorpe's law office, Maidestone. Tell Thorpe I want him at once. Time can be saved only in your going," said the Squire, as he passed in to talk with Fielding.

"It is a matter of vast importance Thorpe should be at the inquest."

Fielding replied: "Thorpe will take three-quarters of an hour to get here."

"Yes, yes!" said the Squire, "and old Royal will go there in five minutes.

Lindley, evidently pleased to get away from the Squire's scrutinizing eye, jumped into the saddle and vanished like a flash. The hubbub, whisperings, cryings, suspicions and theories developed at Landsdowne Hall during the balance of the day can be better imagined than described.

Lindley obeyed his master with alacrity. The ride to Maidestone was five miles, occupying a little over twice as many minutes.

Thorpe's always ready drag was at his office door, and he proceeded to Landsdowne Hall; occupying precisely the balance of the important hour.

Lindley had noticed as he flew past the Margate fence, a lot of people collected on the inside discussing the horror, and a dread of impending danger impelled him to resolve that, after delivering his message, never to return to Landsdowne Hall; so giving Royal George a slight rest he jogged out of Maidestone by the north-westerly road, leading to Seven Oaks, where he sold the old horse to a blacksmith, who asked him fifty questions. He then

proceeded to London by rail and was soon hidden in that labyrinth of humanity.

* * * * * *

It was nearly noon when the coroner sat in a back room of the Margate Mansion to investigate the cause of the death of the family's pride. Several college chums had come with sadness depicted on their usually cheerful faces.

Old Wallie, with his new corduroy suit and clean-shaven face, was immediately behind the coroner, catching every word as it dropped from this oracle of wisdom.

The jury of neighbors being summoned sat surrounding the dead form.

Three physicians, who had just finished a post-mortem examination, had adjourned to another room to hold a consultation.

Barry Thorpe, barrister, sat quietly in one corner of the room taking notes.

The first witness called was John Tague, who testified that he had seen Warren Margate the evening prior to the night he was found dead. That he had consulted him about the best place to find grouse. That witness told him in the thickets.

"Who was present when this conversation occurred, Mr. Tague?" queried the coroner.

"Nae one but mysel and the young meister."

"Are you sure?"

"Ah! a hand o' neighbor Squire Landsdowne cam oop, but on seein' Meister Warren he off wie hisself."

Old Wallie, in the rear, shook his head with a knowing look.

"What did you know about the man Lindley?"

"Nothing, 'cept he bore a bad name amang the neighbors."

Mr. Thorpe was allowed to ask a question:

"Had Mr. Warren Margate had any difficulty with this man Lindley of late?"

"Aye, sir; Mr. Warren whipped him o' late, and blacked his ee's."

"Did you ever hear Lindley use any threats against the life of young Margate?"

"Nae, not mysel, but a young girrel said—"

"Never mind, sir, what she said," interrupted Coroner Plump, authoritatively; "we will listen to that from her."

"What time was it when you saw deceased that evening?"

"Aboot eight."

"Is that all you know about the affair?"

"Yees, sir," and old Tague retired.

Aaron Wallace testified to finding the body, the handkerchief, the gun belonging to young Margate, and also another gun (afterwards identified as belonging to Charles Landsdowne). The circumstances of the hunt for the body. How the spaniel followed the trail till he brought them to the fatal spot. A pin could be heard if dropped in the room when old Wallie narrated his story. Tears welled up in the honest old man's eyes when he came to bringing back the corpse.

Archibald Margate sat in the adjoining room. Lillie, her mother, and a few friends, remained up stairs.

The testimony of the old gardener, as to finding the corpse, was corroborated by Albert Fielding, son of John Fielding, and another young man.

Harcott, a farm hand at the Hall, was asked, at Thorpe's suggestion, as to the whereabouts of Lindley at the time of the occurrence Saturday morning.

"Lindley and I occupied the same room, but sleeping

in different beds. I noticed the night before, while a cleaning young master's gun, he was a long time fumbling with it."

"Were you present all the time he was supposed to be cleaning the gun?"

"No, sir; I went off to my work."

"Did he go out the next morning with Charles Landsdowne, to shoot?"

"No, sir, not with him, but he went towards the thicket half an hour or more before young Mr. Landsdowne left the house."

"What time did Lindley return to the house?"

"It was about eleven o'clock."

"Did he have any firearms with him?"

"No, sir. Not that I saw, but I heard it said he did try to fix up an old musket that was in the spare room over the kitchen lately."

"Did you ever see Lindley with this old musket in his hands?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he have the old musket with him when he went towards the thicket that morning?"

"I think so, but I could not swear. I saw him with something in his hand, but what it was I could not say. He was quite a distance away when I saw him."

"Did the man return with the gun?"

"No, sir."

The coroner: "I did not understand the witness to say it was a gun. Mr. Thorpe, if permitted to conduct this examination, you must follow the record."

"I beg your honor's pardon," said Mr. Thorpe, graciously.

"Then did you see him return with the same article he carried when he went out?"

"He returned without it, sir."

"Did you ever hear this man, Lindley, make a threat against the life of Warren Margate?"

At this juncture the sheriff entered.

"Yes, sir. He said he would 'stretch him out;' those were the words he used."

The coroner allowed the witness to retire, and called Charles Landsdowne. (Whisperings about the room.) No answer.

Mr. Thorpe rose: "I would beg leave to say, sir," addressing himself to the coroner, "that Charles Landsdowne is not to be found. He never returned from shooting yesterday, and while I would very much like to hear his evidence, I must say it seems impossible to find him." (Sensation among those present.)

Dr. Dixie, one of the physicians, then gave his testimony, saying he, with his brother physicians, had made a careful examination of the wound, and agreed that death must have ensued very shortly after the shot. That the jugular vein was severed. That several pickels of shot and slugs had entered the brain. That the size of the pickels were the same as those found in the loaded barrel of Charles Landsdowne's gun, which was mentioned by a prior witness.

"One of my learned brethren believes that the eye of a dying person will photograph the features of the person last seen, but I must say we cannot agree upon this subject, as I claim that while the eye may set as a convex lens, owing to its shape, its refractory power towards the center prevents an impression being retained but momentarily,

and which impression would pass away at the same time the object was removed, like the reflection of a mirror."

Dr. Small was called.

The doctor was an exceedingly eccentric gentleman, full of mysterious stratagems and remarkable theories. He devoted much of his invaluable time to making discoveries—that is, making the attempt. He never did discover anything, except that his theories were strictly impracticable. He hunted in the woods for herbs which he boiled down and experimented upon for weeks, with no beneficial result. He implicitly believed that the retina of the human eye of a person murdered would photograph the person committing the act of murder, and numerous other as equally absurd theories. Dr. Small was what is commonly called a "crank," but being a man of many good characteristics otherwise, he was permitted a hearing at every coroner's inquest, which he would surely attend, if possible. The Doctor, being sworn, stated that he believed his "theory," as his learned friend had designated it, but not as a theory—as a fact, practicable beyond all question—and he would, if time were allowed, prove his assertion by the reproduction of the face now photographed in the eye of Warren Margate.

The coroner objected: I cannot devote any time to such experiments; my duty is to ascertain the manner of this young gentleman's death, and I refuse peremptorily to enter into the discussion.

The worthy coroner's statement being final, Dr. Small left the room, entered the yard and was immediately surrounded by a number of superstitious listeners whom he regaled with his sensational topic.

After the examination of several minor witnesses, the

jury retired. In half an hour they brought in the following verdict:

We, the jury, find that Warren Margate, eldest son of Archibald Margate, gentleman farmer, residing near Maidestone, Kent, came to his death on the 5th day of October, 1876, by a gun-shot wound caused by Charles Landsdowne or William Lindley, or both, and recommend that they be held to the next assizes for murder."

Warrants for their arrest were immediately issued to the sheriff. Lillie Margate, who had walked down stairs to procure a drink of water for her mother, heard this last order of the coroner. She dropped the glass, and catching the banisters managed to prevent herself from reeling over. Those in attendance soon dispersed.

* * * * * *

After a short but stormy trip the Amazon floated up the Delaware river. A brilliant scene met Darrow's gaze. Vessels gaily bedecked with the flags of all nations, and Philadelphia in all its stately magnificence. He was on deck preparing some invoices for the captain and felt a cloud moved from his heart.

"I am in a new world, three thousand miles away from the dreadful occurrence in which I am so prominently and still so innocently connected," he said, ruminating.

The captain was giving orders to the pilot. The sailors, always happy coming into port, were singing their wild cadences, which added additional harmony to the scene, as the sails were lowered, the deck cleared, and the Amazon tied up securely to the dock.

Captain Merriam, after transacting some business concerning the vessel, invited Darrow to go up to the Exposition.

In this year, 1876, the Centennial Exposition was in

full blast in Philadelphia. One of the vessel owners, Mr. Mason, whom they met at the office, accompanied them as they rode toward the ground.

"The first exposition of this character was held," said Mason, "in France, in 1798, at the suggestion of Marquis d' Avege."

"Yes, the French are undoubtedly entitled to being called the originators of national fairs, but as an Englishman I must claim the idea of world's fairs originated with us. Prince Albert, our Queen's husband, propounded the idea of holding universal exhibitions in 1850. This took place in Hyde Park, London, in a building called the Crystal Palace," replied Darrow.

"Yes, my father was there," added Mason.

"I 'spect that was the startin' pint for all the big world's fairs," chimed in the captain; "this Philadelphy one's ben bruin since 1870."

"The sum of $8,500,000 has been raised to make this one a success," said Mason.

As they entered the wonderful buildings, Darrow became impressed with the enterprise of the American people.

They passed through the main building, memorial hall, the art gallery, and looked upon the vast collection of articles from all corners of the earth.

As evening approached, Mason left the company, having promised Captain Merriam to secure a situation for young Darrow.

* * * * * *

Darrow soon found himself a clerk for a large manufacturing company whose goods were on exhibition. But as days passed he became convinced of the danger of meeting some one from Maidestone or London, who would

identify him, as by reason of his position he was obliged to resume citizen's clothes in place of his sailor's jacket.

To his horror, one day, whom should he behold walking up the aisle in which he was stationed, but Mr. Bigley, an intimate acquaintance from Maidestone. Asking leave of his fellow clerk, Darrow retreated from his position. Passing out through the building by another way he left the city.

Next morning he was in Washington, where he secured work in a freight-house, rolling barrels. Here, although the work was arduous, he experienced safety. On Sundays he strolled about the public parks. Once, at Arlington Heights, he was reading the inscription on one of the soldier's graves, when a voice greeted him, which chilled him to the bones. It was that of a merchant residing in London who had visited at Landsdowne Hall.

"Did you come from England, sir?" the merchant asked.

"Originally I did."

"Oh! I beg your pardon, sir. Your name is—"

"James Darrow."

"Ah! then I owe an apology," replied the merchant, lifting his hat.

Darrow walked leisurely away, leaving the merchant, his wife and daughter, discussing this object of interest.

When out of speaking distance Darrow paused and earnestly discussed the situation in his mind.

Looking down from the hill he saw the grand old building, the Capitol; the beautiful avenues, the stately homes, the rich foliage, bright with autumnal tints, and he longed for his native land. There existed a loneliness in his aching heart experienced only by those who have by some necessity wandered away from the scenes of their

boyhood, and the familiar and welcome faces of their friends.

He knew to remain in any public haunt for any length of time was fatal, so to move from place to place was his only hope, and by the mere circumstance of fortune never meet those who would recognize him.

"Our friends. Oh, when dire misfortune overtakes us, please deliver us from our friends," he said aloud, as he turned down a retired and shady street of the capital. Getting his small parcel of things together he boarded an evening train for the West.

As the Baltimore and Ohio train swept around the hills, along the valleys, through tunnels and rocky chasms, he compared the ride with his prospective life. Many a jog, many a turn. In life's journey we must pass through the damp tunnels of trouble as well as jump the silver streams of happiness. True, joy and sorrow are not often found long apart, but through some subtle and mysterious circumstance grave Sorrow leaves his cheerful sister, Joy, so far behind, she is a long time catching up.

Looking out of the car window, his only comfort was in the memory of a pale face, which seemed to look up through the moonlit valleys as he half dozed. Awakened by the sudden stopping of the train he thought: "There is one hope. I can some day establish my innocence to Lillie. She will listen and believe. Bless her! Could I but look again into those lovelit eyes, my guiding stars, the future would not look so hopelessly dark. As time wore on, the daylight broke the monotony and dreariness of a long night's ride, and he found himself at the railway station of a busy manufacturing town. Alighting, he made his way very hurriedly to a small hotel near by.

He looked about for work. But there had been

a long strike at the mills. Idlers were assembled on the streets, lazily conversing. The Ohio river ran sluggishly past. On either side thereof were high hills, the town being built on the bluffs along the river bank. Everything assumed the quietness of a general holiday. When the mills were in operation the town was a world of work and noise. Huge volumes of smoke from the high chimneys, together with the forks of lurid flames from the blast furnaces changed the place into a seething mass of mechanism. The manufacturing headquarters of nails the world over—Wheeling, West Virginia.

Darrow soon discovered his mistake, as the present was no time to secure work. Going from place to place with the same result, "Nothing, sir," his scanty purse soon depleted, his prospective chances for obtaining employment became alarming. Braving the situation, however, he determinedly made another effort.

Success came. He obtained work moving in some bars of iron left outside one of the mills at the time of the strike. He had not been engaged long when two or more half drunken, surly strikers, came up and asked him several questions. Paying no attention to their demands he continued his hard labor. Soon a stone was thrown, then a large iron bolt dropped savagely within two feet of him, evidently thrown by some passing striker.

"The foreman of the mill, passing by, explained to the mob quickly gathering: "Boys, he is only a tramp working for a shilling or two. Let him alone. He's only taking in a few bars left out when the mill closed."

"Well, d——n him," said one semi-drunken voice, "let him hurry up or he'll get his head knocked in."

Darrow, not accustomed to the full significance of a

strike, and surprised at this absurd condition of affairs, replied: "Gentlemen, I am a stranger here trying to work my way along; surely a poor fellow like me cannot influence your strike unfavorably."

"Let the boy alone!" shouted two or three respectable looking men.

"Let him alone and go home, you fellers," shouted one of the leaders of the strike.

The crowd soon dispersed and Darrow toiled on with his heavy load.

CHAPTER VII.

A GREAT AMERICAN TRAMP.

"Unpitied, uncared for, he wanders alone,
A creature of God, forsaken, unknown."

Darrow, having finished his job, was enabled to proceed further westward. On the second-class car beside him sat an old man whose wrinkled face had evidently seen better days. He traveled on a pass issued by the mayor to rid the city of a pauper. The aged mendicant had taken the train supperless and was resting his tired head against the corner of the hardwood car. The atmosphere of this coach was laden with all the perfumes of a tramp's boarding house. It was a second, third, fourth or fifth-class car, according to the length of the ride and the odor of the occupants. Several smoking, greasy, and half drunken workmen filled the seats.

"Well, indeed, this is rather crude company," conjectured Darrow, as he gazed about him. Rather fancying the profile of the old man in preference to the others, he retained his seat.

"Old man, are you going far?"

"Well, sir," raising his head from its position and staring at Darrow, "I don't know that I am going anywhere;" and he leaned back again. After several vain attempts to draw him into a conversation, Darrow abandoned the attempt.

As an Englishman is rarely found far from lunch, Dar-

row pulled scientifically from his outside pocket half a dozen ham sandwiches. The old companion sat upright and looked at them with a hungry and wistful stare.

"You've come prepared," he said sadly, as his large eyes wandered from the edibles to Darrow's pleasant face.

"Have one, old fellow?"

"Thanks, sir; thanks, sir, I'm in luck;" as he opened his long bony fingers to accept the gift.

Dividing his meal equally, another peculiar phase of a well-bred Englishman, Darrow sat and half enjoyed the frugal supper with his new-found friend.

"What is your business, my old sir?" asked Darrow.

"My business? Ah! ha!" and he laughed an old-time laugh, shorn of its real merriment.

"I'm one of them." He knowingly winked at Darrow.

"One of what? I do not comprehend."

Leaning his poor old head up to Darrow he whispered so as not to be overheard by those in the adjacent seats, "I'm a tramp! That's all, sir."

The words jarred with peculiar significance on Darrow's ear.

"A tramp, old man? How long have you been engaged in this worldly occupation?"

"Forty years!"

Then the aged pauper, gaining confidence by the relish of the sandwiches, grew talkative, giving a brief history of his checkered life.

THE TRAMP'S STORY.

"I was born in New England sixty-three years ago; educated for the ministry when about twenty-four, but soon after became dissipated and squandered everything my kind old father gave me."

As Darrow looked into his face he noticed a strange expression upon his wrinkled features.

"I left college and led for years a roving life. By my actions I soon discouraged my parents from any further attempt to reclaim me.

"I became a wanderer, having tried hundreds of ways of obtaining employment. I have traversed the globe, been in wars, worked at many trades during my younger days, but latterly I have knocked about alone, forsaken, a tired old tramp. My aching bones can find no rest.

"I am moved about from place to place. 'Move on, old man!' are my instructions. I have obeyed them, God knows, for twenty years. Village to village, town to town, city to city, footsore and forlorn. The same old cry comes alike from the officer of the law, the merchant, the capitalist, the mechanic or the mayor: 'Move on! Move on! Old man, move on!'"

Growing intensely interested in this wretched history Darrow besought his companion to tell him more.

"I have been all through my life an honest man; that is, I have never committed a theft," continued the tramp; never to my knowledge have I done injury to a living soul."

Darrow experienced a compassion for his old friend awakening in his breast as he felt the tears spring to his eyes.

"Sorely have I been tempted to commit crime in my dire necessity so as to secure food and shelter, even within the walls of a prison; but when it came to the committal of the act, I shrank from it as I would from an adder. In fact, it does not run in our family blood to steal." He smiled triumphantly.

"The times are now hard, 'tis true. *This is a period of*

the world's history when millionairs become paupers; when the tide of adversity runs against the rich as well as poor. I am no worse off, never having had anything, than the man whose income of hundreds of thousands has been depleted to a pittance."

"Ah! I see, my dear old friend, you are quite a philosopher respecting your lot," remarked Darrow.

Not having secured so attentive an audience for many years, the old gentleman became excited at Darrow's complimentary remark and exclaimed, "There were times when I rather enjoyed myself strolling about the country breathing the fresh air, scenting the clover from the meadows, and sleeping soundly under the pine trees. Why, sir, there is a world of freedom in certain phases of a tramp's life in summer, but when winter comes, cold, bitter winter—" here he drew up his rheumatic limbs and yawned, "ah! sir, that is what's hard on us."

"What could have reduced you, a man of intelligence and education, to such an unfortunate condition?"

"The same old cause, my boy, recklessness and carelessness."

"Do you drink?" inquired Darrow.

"Well, a little. Well, to speak the truth to you, I have drunk too much, entirely too much." And again the old man pulled himself out for another yawn.

"For forty years you have led this life?" asked Darrow, "What a long line of misery the debauched old wretch has wound round his creaking form."

"I have tried," he continued, "to avoid this thing altogether; at times I have succeeded, but, my God, sir, no man knows but one of experience, the power required to refrain."

"I was sleeping in a barn last winter by the side of a horse" —

"What! Do you mean it?" ejaculated Darrow, horrified; "beside a horse?"

"Why yes, sir, that was a comfortable berth for me and I thanked the owner of the horse sincerely."

"Go on," said Darrow, half angrily, the while looking searchingly into his face, doubting the veracity of his statement.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "and it was far warmer than many a place I've slept in during my life."

"Go on," said Darrow, listening carefully, fearing he should lose a word.

"One day I had a great temptation. The gentleman who owned the horse sent me to collect a bill—it was ten dollars." And the old tramp momentarily assumed an air of importance at having such vast confidence placed in him.

"He gave me a receipted bill. I had not had a drink for two days." This also was said rather triumphantly.

"I tell you there was a gnawing down here," placing his bony hand upon his stomach.

"I went straight to the office of the man who owed the bill. He paid it promptly."

"Well?" said Darrow.

"Walking back I had to pass three saloons. Heaven on earth! I skipped the first two. Do you believe me, I was an hour passing the third. I had that money. It was a paper ten. It weighed a ton. I held on to the fence. I scratched till the nails on my right hand were sore. I held the ten dollar note in my left hand, tightly, thus;" and he clenched his poor thin fist and held it tremblingly before Darrow's face. "I felt a supernatural power draw me towards that saloon door. The perspira-

tion fell thick and fast from me. I gasped for air. I looked at my left hand; it was as pale as snow, and seemed to grin at, and deride me. I became faint, sat down by the fence and rested. For a long time, nearly an hour, I was riveted to the spot. My God! sir, in that hour what I suffered. All the torments of hell passed in panoramic procession before me. Fiends and imps mocked me, coaxed me, ridiculed me, but stealing did not run in my blood. I arose, and pulling myself along the fence, inch by inch, I got back."

"What did the man say?" inquired Darrow.

"He was mad at my delay. He swore at me, called me a d——d old fraud, but gave me fifty cents."

"What did you do with that?"

"I ran like a deer to the nearest saloon and drank so eagerly that the barkeeper remarked: 'You old cuss, you must have been tied up in jail for thirty days.'"

"And so your whole life has been wrecked through this fault?"

"That's about it. I have seen friend after friend depart. Have lost five hundred situations. Have been kicked out of houses, barns and pig-stys. I have not been fit company for hogs and cattle for over twenty years—twenty years;" and the aged tramp held down his trembling head in sorrow.

"Merciful heaven! say no more," pleaded Darrow, who, leaning his head over the back of the seat in front soon fell into a troubled sleep.

It was gray dawn when the train came whistling and puffing into the station at Chicago, the wonderful metropolis whose outstretched arms are open to embrace the refugees and wayward wanderers from foreign and domestic climes.

"Old Tom" had many a time come back to this bustling place to beg and tramp about.

"If you can assure me you will only drink when I allow you," said Darrow, to his associate, "I will get work and help you."

"God bless you, sir! I know you are good. I will promise, and I will choke to death before I break my promise to you."

Old Tom grasped Darrow's hand as he spoke, and they turned into a cheap lodging-house.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE "FLOSOPHER."

"Adversity's sweet milk—Philosophy."

Old Tom had an acquaintance, a fellow tramp, with whom he had often strolled about the parks and loitered by the lake upon sunny days. He was known among the cheap lodging dives, police stations, and his fellow paupers, as "de Flosopher."

He was by no means the physical wreck one would expect from twenty years' exposure to starvation and drunken debauchery. His eye was clear and bright except when emerging from a prolonged spree. His skin was fair and his muscles well developed. This individual was the intellectual peer of the noted politicians of the day. A thorough scholar, fluent speaker, and one of the finest penmen to be found. In an Eastern city, twenty years before the present writing, he was a young journalist of great promise. Having a thorough collegiate education, and having matriculated at a leading university, ranking the highest in mathematics, but one, since the foundation of the institution, he was looked upon by his acquaintances as a paragon of promise.

The Philosopher, meeting Old Tom and Darrow this calm Sunday morning when they were about to take their accustomed walk, to see white-sailed ships come and go, begged leave to accompany them.

Sitting down on a timber pile they enjoyed the warm and welcome sun, which had risen high in the heavens.

The Philosopher opened the conversation, thus:

"What do you think of the new administration, Tom?"

Old Tom, who was not at all interested in politics, and suffering from a backache, made no reply, but looked languidly up at Darrow to answer.

"I must admit," said Darrow, who took Tom's hint, "that American politics are new to me, being a foreigner. But I believe, from all I can see and learn, the country seems to be in an excellent state of political harmony at present."

"I am a free trader," said the Philosopher, evidently proposing to draw the stranger into a conversation.

Old Tom smiled as he scanned the dilapidated wardrobe of the philosophical gentleman.

"Indeed!" replied Darrow.

"Yes, sir. At one time in the history of this country I was a sturdy protectionist, but from a careful study of the situation, and from the fact that the word free trade now expresses the most important and fundamental truth in political economy, I have changed my views."

Old Tom smiled again with an effort.

"Then, Mr. Philosopher," said Darrow, "you expect to make political economy an exact science? But is it not also a fact that there are thousands of learned men who have made protection a study, who will offer apparently sound reasoning that free trade would be detrimental to the interests of this country?"

"No doubt of it. Great minds disagree. And it is also a fact that certain modes of trade and legal enactments, which have been in force for years, and which were believed necessary to the welfare of the country, a change having been made in them the contrary has been proven.

It is necessary to keep this distinction in view," said the philosopher tramp, placing one dirty hand upon the other, "because there are many laws not contrary to the spirit of free trade which interfere with buying and selling; for instance, it is unlawful to deal in slaves, because we do not acknowledge the right of one human being to be the owner of another."

"There have been many attempts made by governments to regulate trade," said Darrow, "but their success has been questionable."

"Yes," responded the Philosopher, eagerly, glad of a chance for discussion.

"These attempts are divided into two great classes: one prohibiting the exportation of commodities, the other encouraging exportation and prohibiting or discouraging importation. The former was the old rule in England."

"Your country, is it not?" the tramp respectfully asked, eyeing Darrow.

"You are right, sir," Darrow replied, wondering at the man's perception.

"Yes, it was also the rule in other countries," the Philosopher continued. "England yielded to its converse and it is maintained there now that exportation is the source of wealth, and importation is a wasting of a nation's substance. See? If we pay for the goods we import by bills of exchange, these bills represent goods exported, otherwise they would be paid. If we pay for goods in bullion it is the same thing. You may look at this question from two standpoints; either may appear right, but does it not appear to you that in a country like this, which can manufacture every possible species of merchandise, that free trade would be beneficial?"

Darrow scanned the Philosopher, whose great toe protruded from his right shoe, while his left foot was encased in a top boot of uncertain age and style.

Old Tom had stretched out on a board and had fallen into a doze at this, to him, exceedingly uninteresting conversation.

"This is becoming a great manufacturing country," said Darrow, "and with the inventive ingenuity of its citizens, and ability to secure unlimited labor at a low price, it must become wonderfully rich."

"Oh, yes; rich! But few people know, or apparently care to investigate, the two growing evils that will, in from fifty to one hundred years, wipe this country from the face of the earth," said the Philosopher, pushing one hand through the bottom of his coat pocket.

"What are they?" Darrow asked, surveying this queer individual again.

"Oh! don't you know? Why, whisky and politics, or a mixture of both."

"Then you don't believe in whisky?" said Darrow, rather sarcastically.

"No; it is, in my mind, the great national curse and question of the day, and I assert," said the tramp, earnestly, as he shifted his position on the rough board, "that the Americans, as a race, will dwindle down to puny and insignificant beings unless some great change is made in the next five or ten generations. The controlling power of this terrible foe is in with the enemy. The saloon and whisky element in the United States is fast obtaining power over the church and state. The larger cities are all now captured and in the hands of thieves and whisky pirates. The aldermen and all manner of small politicians are controlled by the whisky element. Large cities are plun-

dered and taxed to keep this piratical gang in power, and the country generally is fast losing its grip on law and order."

"Why, you surprise me," said Darrow, "such a state of affairs does not seem to exist to the casual observer passing through; on the other hand, prosperity, virtue and contentment seem to reign throughout the land."

"My friend," said the tramp, "you are innocent. You have not had occasion to investigate this matter as I have. Here; look at me. Look at my condition. I am a man of good birth, good education, able-bodied and willing to work. Look at my life for twenty years past. I tell you if there is a God in heaven he must have lost all interest in men of my stamp."

The Philosopher was now standing up and had raised his right hand eloquently towards the sky.

"Why, you must blame no one but yourself, my poor friend," said Darrow, rebuking him.

"That is very well to say, and perhaps right. You think I don't want to reform, and don't want to work. That I am lazy and good for nothing. Well, in some respects you are correct in your surmise, but listen; let me picture a little of my past to your mind.

"I have worked for five years in a slaughter house at the stock yards up to my ankles in blood, sticking pigs; worked with the lowest specimens of mankind; slept with men who are strangers to cleanliness; drank beer and debauched with men who would stab you to death for one dollar. I have done this because my sense of pride would not allow me to carry my drunkenness and my disgusting appearance among men with whom I should associate. I used to reform once every three months; I would soon be led back to my old habit. Every election, every public

holiday, every Christmas, every New Year, every day that would bring to me pleasant recollections, would prove my downfall. After fighting this thing for many years I gave up."

"Why did you not join some church society, or become acquainted with some good person who would assist you?"

"Oh, that may do for some, but not for me. I presume it is hereditary. Churches, I have no love for. The aristocratic members of our great churches are cold and egotistical. Churches have no use for poverty-stricken wretches like me. Good person! Why, I have been helped by hundreds; I have been sent to inebriate asylums; kept confined in prison hundreds of times. I know what is right and just as well as any man living. I blame no one. I live on year after year the same. The same!"

"It is terrible, indeed, and so strange! I never heard of such a desperate case. How could such a clear mind become so low?" said Darrow. "Do you never expect to get out of this horrible rut; this wretched manner of life?"

"That is a question I myself have often tried to solve. I have awakened in the morning full of ambition, determined to make a change; and I would succeed. I got so far in my resolution one time that I became foreman in a factory. Then I became book-keeper and manager of the office. I had saved up over a thousand dollars. One night I met an old companion; he coaxed me into a saloon. The same story. The keeper of the place was an alderman; a great democratic politician; now he is running for congress; 'The workingman's friend!'" the tramp hissed through his teeth, sarcastically. "This ruler of our city persuaded me, taunted me, and then dared me to take a drink. Next day I lost my position. In two weeks I

lost every cent I had, and was a raving sot in the city Bridewell. I have now settled down to the philosophical life you see. I know there is no hope, and I will go on like Old Tom there to the end."

Old Tom roused at the mention of his name, and looked up, then fell back again into a sleep.

"Then you consider yourself past redemption entirely?" said Darrow, earnestly.

"Yes, most assuredly so. If you were to lock me up for thirty days, behind bars, as the case has been, on the day I gained my liberty, I would, perhaps, resolve to drink no more. I might fight against this feeling for one day or two; the third I would give way to the craving and would beg a drink. I tell you it is all up with our old friend and me; we are past the lecture-course days, and have settled down to that condition of life where the inward promptings of the conscience have lost their effect. For your kindness in listening to me I am indeed grateful; but just now I feel the craving coming on and must leave. I did a job yesterday for that gentleman," the Philosopher said, ironically, "a leading county commissioner," and here the tramp pointed to a low groggery back of the lumber pile, near the dock.

"Indeed!" said Darrow. "What was it?"

"I cleaned out his cesspool. He paid me fifty cents and promised me one drink per day for one week."

"Generous and noble man!" exclaimed Old Tom, who had risen to a sitting posture. "A lucky job, Philosopher, wasn't it?" and Old Tom looked thirsty at the thought.

The tramp raised his rimless hat and hastened away.

"Tom, would it kill you to entirely stop drinking?" said Darrow, turning to his old friend.

"I think so, my dear boy, but I will do as I said, Mr.

Darrow. I'll choke to death unless you allow me one," Old Tom said, resignedly.

"I will do what is right, won't I? You are not half so badly off as the Philosopher, Tom, are you?" and Darrow looked at the retreating figure of that peculiar individual.

"Ah, No. I have a friend, a kind, good friend, and the Philosopher has none."

Darrow helped the old man limp slowly towards his home and supper.

CHAPTER IX.

FORTUNE SMILES.

"Good fortune and bad are equally necessary to man, to fit him to meet the contingencies of this life."

The second Sunday after the coroner's inquest, Lillie Margate, clad in deep mourning and heavily veiled, attended services in St. Mark's. Her mother, ill since the recent tragedy, remained at home.

The always impressive litany seemed to Lillie this Sunday to be doubly so.

"We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord," she responded to a section of the solemn prayer, exceedingly appropriate in her affliction. Her brother and he whom she believed she loved, both gone. Her conscience told her she could do nothing for the dead, but she could pray for the living. She was thinking of the face of an enemy—one whom she had been taught to hate, but, contrarily, was learning to love. That face was gone, perhaps forever. Gone from the tall, old-fashioned pew. Burning tears welled up in her beautiful eyes, and she fervently prayed for light.

"Teach me to reason, O Lord! Is it human reasoning that a noble-minded man, with all the generous impulses of humanity, with honesty and kindness beaming forth from his face, could commit such a dastardly crime? Then nothing is safe: nothing is right." She prayed again for an answer, and as Lillie arose from her

knees a load had risen from her heart, and as the tones of the organ dismissed the congregation on that bright Easter Sunday, and she passed down the aisle, she experienced a singular relief, and such happiness came over her as she had not known since the pleasant hours prior to poor Warren's fate.

From that hour the question of Charles Landsdowne's guilt was determined. *He was not guilty.*

"Now," she said, and the lovely young girl had a will of her own, "I will spend years to save Charles from this terrible charge. Poor Charles!" she sighed, and when a girl pities she half loves. "My darling!" she whispered, and then the tears did indeed come, but they were the transparent tears of joy. "I am sure I must love him." She was driving home in the family carriage alone.

There are times in the life of every one when they are in some woful distress over the result of something that happened, or it may be caused by some apprehension of disaster. This feeling hangs like a pall over the mind. At a given time, a sudden thought, an impulse, an occurrence, or whatever it may be called, the shadow vanishes. The heart feels relieved, the brain clear, and no amount of brooding over the same supposed trouble will bring back the shadow again. It will be afterwards ascertained that the suspicion which caused the nightmare was unfounded. On the other hand, should it be proved afterwards that there was cause for this apprehensiveness, the mysterious incubus had never lifted.

Sailors' wives, who live along the rocky coasts by the sea, frequently experience this portentous awe upon the approach of a storm. After the ocean has calmed down, if they become light-hearted and gay, they know that their Jack is safe. If not, the pale, sad face of the patient,

faithful wife, her reticence and retirement, tell the neighboring women of her kind, that Annie may soon have sad, sad news.

When President Garfield lingered several long weeks under the shadow of the grim visitor, and the honest prayers of fifty million souls soared to the realm above, the grandest tribute offered to the Almighty since the world began, the suspense of the nation remained, the Allwise Being denied the application.

At any rate, some strange, magnetic influence seems to pass from one to another at times, affecting a church full of people, a hall full of patriots, or a nation alike, for when Lillie Margate that day passed out of the church door, she heard many people whispering about the "horrible affair at Margate's."

She overheard one aged, white haired gentleman, state emphatically: "Tush! tush! I will never believe it, never in the world. Landsdowne's son is as innocent as the child unborn."

She overheard one gossiping old maid who, for forty years, had been the reigning terror of the congregation; a believer in all manner of signs and wonders, also every conceivable superstition invented since the days of the flood, say:

"No, indeed, Charles is innocent. He was in my class for two years. A darling boy. They'll find it out; they'll find it out. Wait till the fall of next year, only wait."

This last eavesdrop influenced poor Lillie greatly and favorably, and whether it was occasioned by the power of prayer, or that mighty, invisible influence, truth, or the spiritual form of Warren Margate whispering in the ears of church goers, we have no means of ascertaining. However, it was an undisputable fact that every one who

had given the subject of Warren Margate's murder a thought had gone to their homes that day firm in the conviction that Warren was not slain by Charles Landsdowne, the leading convert being the sweet girl, who from that day abandoned her gloominess and became once more herself.

Lillie now longed for the time when she could set out in search of evidence pertaining to Charles' innocence. Although she made her mother her confidante in all matters connected with her social life, this one secret, her undying admiration for the Squire's son, was hidden from the world in her pure heart. Ambition may be fed and satisfied for a time with patience, but sooner or later it will make a brave attempt to consummate its desire. Lillie had never deceived her mother, but she felt that she must clear up the mysterious murder of her brother, and demonstrate to the world that Charles Landsdowne was innocent. She would by doing this accomplish a great achievement, and when a woman makes up her mind that a just person, especially one whom she loves or highly esteems, is accused unjustly, she will move the earth to establish that fact.

Miss Margate had a young lady friend in Chatham who had invited her to attend a church sociable to be held at the magnificent residence of her father, Mr. Woodruff.

As chance would have it, this gentleman was part owner of the Amazon, the very vessel in which Landsdowne sailed to America. Mr. Woodruff was looking up some correspondence in relation to this vessel, and laughing heartily over the peculiarities of its Yankee captain.

"Here, girls, let me read this to you," he said, as Belle and Lillie entered his office. "I will read the postscript,

which is a fair sample: 'If it hadn't ben for that peart Englishman I picked up in the docks the day I left, we'd a had a goldarned nice time a gettin' them Brittaner goods through the customs. By jingo, they wanted to charge the value of the hull vessel. This young feller was smarter than chain lightnin' and the way he flopped them fellers over on prices was immense. I'll be blowed if ever I'll call Englishmen green eny more. He saved us a heap o' trouble. He was one of those healthy, innocent lookin' critters as would make a man b'lieve enything. Bully for the raw recruit.'"

"This captain, although illiterate, is a mighty good seaman and a fine fellow," said Mr. Woodruff, folding up the letter.

"What day did this boat leave Chatham?" Lillie replied, indifferently.

"September 18th."

Lillie turned a little pale. "The very date," she whispered to herself. "Honest face. It may be he."

Time passed on, and Lillie, with this slight clew, decided to visit America as soon as she could. She never breathed her determination to a soul, but her father had often talked of visiting that country, and one morning at breakfast he expressed his intention of sailing at the first opportunity, taking the family with him.

* * * * * * *

One year after the occurrence in the thicket back of Landsdowne Hall, Lillie was reading the London Times, when her eye accidentally wandered over the following paragraph:

"Arrested near London bridge, charged with highway robbery: Tom Hawkes, alias Lindley, alias Brooks, a noted robber and supposed murderer. Booked at the

Bond street station. A long term in prison is promised by the police."

The name Lindley caused her to read the item again and again. She sought old Wallie in the garden.

"Wallie," she said, "could you identify Lindley, Squire Landsdowne's former servant, should you see him?"

"Deed'n I cood, ma young bairn. The scoulin' villain. 'Twad na tak but a puir luike at him to dintify him, ma bairn."

Having many friends and relations in the great city she easily found an excuse to go there. She compelled Wallie to trump up one also, and they went on the following morning. Arriving at the police station, London, where the man Lindley was confined, Lillie, hand in hand with the old Scotchman, walked along the narrow corridors, following the captain of police.

At last cell number one hundred and three was reached. Sitting on a rude cot was no other than William Lindley, who glared at them through the grating with a devilish expression.

It was agreed between old Wallie and Lillie that no expression of recognition was to escape their lips, or any conversation to occur that would reveal the meaning of their errand. Offering thanks to the officer for his attention they were about to hurry away from the place, when the captain asked their reason for so short and silent an interview with the prisoner.

"We merely wanted to see if that prisoner was one papa desired to find. He is no friend of ours, I assure you, sir. He no doubt is the same, and our lawyer will attend to the case. He must soon see him, too, as it is a matter of importance.

The captain raised his cap reverentially as he noticed

Lillie's beautiful face and refined manner. The strange callers left.

As they walked the streets, passing the stores common to this neighborhood, the groggeries, Jew peddlers and dingy eating-houses, Lillie held firmly to Wallie's hand. Old Wallie, who always detested the city, never spoke a word. He was conscious he was doing some great deed for his young mistress, but exactly what its purport was he dared not ask. He individually had but one theory as to the cause of young Margate's death, and this old Scotch pigheaded theory could not be shaken by all the evidence in the world. And that same old head knew well that Miss Lillie was deeply interested in upsetting his view of the case. So, being between two dilemmas, the aged gardener was sensible enough to say nothing. Faithful to the last, Lillie knew he would almost die rather than betray her secret.

Passing a few squares they hailed a hansom cab, drove to the depot and left the city.

Having met Mr. Thorpe several times, and having heard him advance a theory of the tragedy almost similar to her own, upon arriving at Maidestone she called at the lawyer's office. She needed no introduction. Thorpe dropped all business as she entered the door. Advancing he greeted her cordially as the daughter of his friend and former client. She stated briefly the cause of her errand.

"I will be delighted to assist you," he replied; but as she proceeded in conversation he became very guarded and listened attentively.

"My dear young lady," the lawyer said, "are you as deeply interested in ferreting out the perpetrator of this terrible deed as I am? In other words, are we allies?

You must know I am aware of the family feud, and was long before you were born."

"Mr. Thorpe, I know you are honorable." Thorpe's bright eyes twinkled at the compliment like a couple of little stars. "Therefore," continued Lillie, "all I ask is, that all information I can furnish, all the assistance I can render, and it may prove more than you imagine, must remain a secret as far as I am concerned."

"Why?" said Thorpe, twisting his fingers and eyeing her suspiciously. "Well, before we enter into this compact, let me ask whom you consider the guilty party, young Landsdowne or Lindley?"

"Certainly not the former," exclaimed Lillie, blushing deeply.

"Ah! then you believe Lindley the guilty one?"

"Yes, sir, indeed. And here I might as well tell you all."

The blush had faded from her lovely cheeks, making way for a slight pallor. Tear-drops were starting in her eyes, and she related to the shrewd lawyer, in as firm a voice as the little heroine could muster, the story of her meeting with Charles, his gallantry, his desire to abolish the existing feud between the families. How she admired him. How utterly impossible she considered it for him to commit the atrocious act. How deplorable that he should be falsely accused.

She spoke with so much sincerity, Thorpe was at once impressed that she would prove a strong ally and a powerful assistant to the success of his cause.

He was about to drive to Landsdowne Hall that evening, thus giving Lillie a chance to ride home. As they jogged along behind the lawyer's methodical cob, she reopened the conversation.

"Now, Mr. Thorpe, I will give you the first information, and you will see if, as you say, woman's ingenuity is of any assistance. I know where Lindley is," she said, innocently.

Had an American electric cyclone struck Mr. Thorpe that moment, knocking him half a mile skyward, he could not have been more surprised than by the utterance of these words from the sweetest lips in Kent. He dropped the lines and sat up in the old sulky, appearing three feet taller than usual.

"Miss Margate, know now that our case is half won. Give me your hand, my senior counsel! How on earth did you make the discovery, and where is he?"

Enthusiastic to a degree bordering on hysteria, if such a complaint were possible to exist in this dry anatomy of legal lore, Thorpe listened attentively as Lillie narrated the manner in which she had discovered the whereabouts of Lindley.

"Bravo!" He sang out as he had not done for twenty years. The old horse caught the enthusiasm, as he neighed twice, although fully two miles from the scent of oats, and he shook his tail and put his ears back as if something of interest was being discussed that he ought to hear.

The sun was sinking fast as Thorpe landed Lillie safely at the big front gate at Oak Hill, and jogged on to Landsdowne Hall.

Jerricks was to be there that evening.

CHAPTER X.

A LITTLE DAYLIGHT.

"Her precious pearl in sorrow's cup
Unmelted at the bottom lay,
To shine again, when, all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away."

In the study, or small room, off the main hall, at Landsdowne, sat the Squire, Mr. Thorpe, and the London detective, Watson Jerricks. On an old-fashioned, square center table were pipes, tobacco, and a couple of cut-glass decanters.

"Well, gentlemen," opened the Squire, "we have much to say and much to discuss this evening, so let us begin."

Taking a pipe and filling it the Squire invited the others to follow suit.

"Here is a light, Thorpe, hand it to Mr. Jerricks when done with it."

This part of the ceremony performed, the Squire looked at the doors and windows to see if they were securely bolted.

"I will look out on the veranda to see that no one is eavesdropping," he said, opening the window. "No, no one there, but the moon looking in," quoth the Squire.

"He's safe, sir," replied Mr. Jerricks. Thorpe adding a satisfactory grunt.

"In the first place, Mr. Jerricks, from what you have seen and heard of the action of this man Lindley, what are your conclusions?"

Jerricks held the glass scientifically in his hand, and replied in a careful and studied manner:

"The fact of 'is running away with the 'oss, sir, in the first place puts 'im in the role of a thief, sir, and a smart un, too, and no novice at that. Now, 'ad 'e—" here Mr. Jerricks placed his glass down on the table, "'ave runned away at won'st h'after the h'act, sir, I would 'ave put 'im down for a mere novice, but stayin' and takin' of the message from you to Mr. Thorpe, so cunnin', and then jumpin' the neighborhood, sir, makes 'im out to be adroit in the perfession. Then again, 'is threat to young Margate; we puts great faith in prior threats, in cases o' this kind."

"But," added the Squire, "didn't my poor son Charles run away? and as for threats, why, bless you, I have threatened time and again to exterminate the entire race of Margates."

"Never mind, Squire, please," interrupted Thorpe, waving his hand depreciatingly, "Let us hear from Jerricks."

The Squire sat back in his easy chair and sipped his glass good-naturedly. Jerricks proceeded:

"All werry well, sir, but then again, you know, sir, we are not on your son's trail now."

This remark caused the Squire to sigh. Thorpe's bright little eyes scrutinized the detective's face.

"When did you say this h'old missin' musket were found, Mr. Thorpe?"

"At the time of the tragedy," answered Thorpe.

"I would like to 'ave it brought in," said Jerricks.

"Yes; I want you to see it before it is handed over to the officers, at Maidestone," replied the Squire.

The Squire, sending for it, handed it to Jerricks, who took it up and carefully looked it over.

"How long since was this gun fired previous to the date of the tragedy, Squire?" asked Thorpe.

"Fully five years, I believe. Why, it was so broken and rusty it was not considered safe to load," the Squire answered.

After a critical examination of the weapon, Jerricks remarked: "Did this 'ere man Lindley 'ave any powder and shot, or did 'e 'ave h'access to any of your son's h'ammunition, Squire Landsdowne?"

"Well, you know he cleaned the outside of Charles' gun the night before he went out."

"Did he load it?"

"That I much doubt, as Charles would let no one load it. It must have been loaded when Charles handed it to him."

"Now," said Jerricks, who had risen and was pacing up and down the floor with his hands stuck deep in his pockets, "can we have the double barreled gun your son shot with that day?"

"It is in the hands of the officers," replied Thorpe.

"That gun I must see, but never mind to-night. Were the 'ands on the farm allowed any h'ammunition?"

"No, sir. It has always been contrary to the rules of the Hall," replied the Squire, decisively. "But still we may have had powder, as it was used in blasting rocks in the back pasture."

"Good! Now do you suppose," continued Jerricks, "that with the ramrod Lindley could 'ave taken out the cartridge, or 'ave mutilated the shell of the cartridge—"

"So that the shot would have spilled out?" suggested Thorpe.

"H'I would like to see the make of that gun. In the first place, a usual shotgun 'as a spiral screw at the end

of the ramrod that would pull the cartridge h'out or loose the shot so that it would drop h'out. But h'I 'm h'only h'asking these questions for h'information. There may be nothing in 'em, sir. Lindley might 'ave gone and loaded the gun with blasting powder and pulled the shot h'out of one of the barrels of Charles' gun. Which barrel was unloaded? "

"The right one."

"Whether a microscopical h'examination h'of Charles' gun, sir, would reweal the fact whether the shot were fired or pulled h'out, is a h'open question. I thinks it will, and h'if it will, it's a big pint in h'our favor, that's h'all."

"Now, I place great significance in the discovery of the old musket," said Thorpe, with his two hands up to his face, his elbows on the table."

"H'it is our little Moses in the wilderness," replied Jerricks; "h'and h'if h'I knows my business it will lead to something great."

"Could we only explain Charles' mysterious disappearance," exclaimed the Squire, with a long sigh, his eyes closed.

"Who knows," said the detective, pulling Thorpe's arm, "but that Lindley did away with Charles to cast suspicion on him, and to make believe he runned away? That's been dunned afore, Mr. Thorpe. Done several times afore; indeed it 'as," he whispered to Mr. Thorpe.

The Squire, half dozing in his easy chair, heard little of the last few remarks.

Thorpe thought a moment, filled Jerrick's glass again, then his own, looked at the Squire, who was now snoring, and then earnestly propounded the following conundrum to Jerricks:

"Now, if the fatal shot was fired by Lindley, how did it happen that Charles Landsdowne's handkerchief and gun were found so near the body?"

"Easy enough," replied Jerricks, who, though totally uneducated and unlearned in what is termed detective science, was famous for his keenness in ferreting out some of the most mysterious murders that had ever been committed in England.

"You know, sir, the fact is prevalent in my mind that this 'ere Lindley, as h'I said afore, is no novice. That he is an old and 'ard un, and h'if we 'ad 'is picter we could probably place 'im on an 'igh shelf, sir." 'E 'as been rusticating, h'as we call it, h'out 'ere, to h'escape detection in London. Now, h'admittin' that our man's no novice, 'e would do h'every conceivable thing to cover h'up 'is tracks, so h'I wouldn't place much reliance on the finding o' the young man's 'kerchief and 'is gun so near the body. Now, sir, I believe it will be discovered that this Lindley killed young Margate with the musket from a hidden place. Per'aps the stone fence. His footmarks were seen there. Then young Landsdowne, hearing the shot, hastened to the spot. Seeing young Margate wounded and dying, 'e, Charles, 'as tried to stop the blood, and 'as lifted 'im and looked h'into his face. This accounts for that doctor's statement about the wision in the young man's h'eyes; but mind you I don't go much, h'if any, on that. Then this fiend Lindley, seeing the gun on the ground, has picked it h'up and—"

"Fired it off," said Thorpe.

"No, 'old 'ard, that won't do. 'E's 'it 'im from behind with the butt h'end of the gun, stunned 'im, and then knifed 'im. That would be 'is trick, as 'e's no novice."

"Then he has hid young Landsdowne in the marsh back

of the farm," said Thorpe, in an excited whisper. "He has killed him with the butt end of the gun and a knife."

"Killed! Killed who?" roared the Squire, awaking as if from a bad dream, half-wittedly.

"Vy, killed your poor son, sir," said Jerricks, whose tone of voice had become vivacious with the excitement caused by the new theory.

"I see, I see, O my!" said the Squire, as he sank back slowly in his chair, covering his face with both his hands.

Thorpe, who was busy running over future plans in his mind, proposed that a search be inaugurated for the body of Charles Landsdowne in the marsh next morning, which was acquiesced in by Jerricks, who retired to leave for London on the early train.

The meeting adjourned till Jerricks should come again the following week.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PAUPER'S LEGACY.

"Never turn from gray hairs in contempt.
No old man is too low to give you good advice."

In famous Chicago, that wonderful refuge for the unfortunates of the world, where meet the criminal outcast, the pauper, the capitalist, the man of brains, the hungry from a famine-stricken land, and the unemployed of every clime—were James Darrow and Old Tom.

They stood upon a prominent corner, a strong picture—spring and winter. A youth in blooming health, sturdy with self-reliance and of noble manhood, whose hands were now hardened from exposure and honest toil, and whose bright, ruddy face and clear complexion gave evidence of outdoor exercise and a good digestion. The other, winter, bowed and wrinkled, haggard and gray, against whose hoary head the cold winds of adversity had drifted boisterously for many a year.

"The only friend I have on earth, Mr. Darrow," said Old Tom. As he spoke, his teeth chattered. "Winter is near. What a burden I'll be to you, poor boy."

"Never mind, Tom, old fellow, you, too, are the only friend I have in this great city, and I propose to stand by you to the end. Don't you understand?"

"Now I have plenty of good warm clothes and you must get an overcoat. Tom, you must."

Tears filled the old man's eyes. Kind words were strangers to him.

"God bless you! What a heart!" he answered, with emotion.

"Never mind the heart, the overcoat is what you need."

He helped Old Tom along till he found a clothing house.

Days passed on. Darrow had become quite a fair brick mason during his year's absence, and so respectful was he in his conduct that the architect had promised to secure him steady employment for the winter.

He had secured comfortable lodging for himself and Old Tom.

"After all," said Darrow, one day, to himself, "what is better than good honest labor to insure perfect health and luxury of living. I can eat a meal with such a relish. Why, it would set half the epicures of London envious. Should it ever happen that my innocence should be proved, this year will be the making of me."

Old Tom was failing fast. His nerves had given out of late. Darrow had persuaded him that he must be more cautious in his mode of life. He had provided him with every comfort, but his charge was slowly and certainly failing, and only a short time would intervene before the old man must pass away.

One evening as Darrow sat by Tom's bedside, reading, his attention was called to a peculiar look in his eyes, and he said to himself, musingly, "He has changed wonderfully during the past few days."

"Darrow, my boy, I feel I am getting weaker, and I would like to tell you something, if my time is really up. You have been kind to me."

"Now, never mind that," Darrow said, laying his hand tenderly on Old Tom's head; "Go on."

"Well," continued Tom, "you have never yet asked me my real name, and I have a secret to confide which no one on earth knows."

Darrow listened attentively.

"Although I have been a tramp for many years, I might have been better off, and would have been but for a feeling of revenge which has haunted me all my life, sending fire through my blood at the very thought of him who was able to assist me.

"You know I told you about my father, in New England. He died years ago, when I was young, leaving as his heir-at-law my brother. My uncle, a batchelor residing in New York, I always detested. When visiting at his residence in New York I got into some difficulty; it was a love affair. I became acquainted with a young lady and was falsely accused of insulting her.

"This uncle was an exceedingly severe man. When he heard I was so accused he tied me up in a room and gave me a terrible and cruel whipping.

"I can almost feel the blows now," and his old eyes snapped. "I went home and complained to my father, but a letter from the uncle had preceded me, and instead of my father investigating as to the truth of the matter, he ordered me out of the house, and I heard him say he would bequeath every dollar to my brother which should by right come to me.

"My father owned, near the city of Bangor, Maine, a farm which must have become very valuable. I saw a notice in a Bangor paper years ago that houses were being erected on it."

"And you have suffered all this time and never laid claim to the inheritance?"

"Well, I never knew till two years ago that my brother

had died without issue, and the thought never occurred that my uncle would lay claim to the property supposing me dead; as I have been," and Old Tom smiled, faintly.

"I am sorry, Tom, I know nothing of American law; but perhaps you may be the only living heir to the property."

"Likely, very likely," Old Tom replied, and casting a longing look at Darrow, he remained silent for a moment.

"But it is too late, too late to make the attempt," the old man said, again gazing fondly at Darrow.

"Say, my boy, you are young and may get something out of it yet. It may start you in business," he whispered, as his wan face brightened at the idea he was about to express. "A quit-claim deed, a quit-claim deed, better for you than any will, Darrow, good boy," and his poor, wrinkled features indicated that last calm preceding death.

"Do get an attorney and notary, and draw up a quit-claim; my hand is now steady, look," he said, holding his almost transparent, bony fingers above the bed-clothing. "File it for record in Bangor, Maine. Do, Darrow, my boy; it is the last request of Old Tom."

Half to gratify the whim of a wandering mind, as Darrow believed, not that any good could result from the attempt to recover the property, he walked to a corner drug-store, and, finding the directory, he soon sought an attorney who roomed in his office, named Simpson, whom he summoned to Tom's bedside, notarial seal in hand.

The deed conveyed to James Darrow "all the tenements and interests now owned or possessed by the grantor, in Penobscot county, Maine, including a certain piece of land containing 80 acres, in or adjacent to the city of

Bangor, formerly owned by the Reverend George Clyndenning, situated as follows: * * * *

(Signed) GEORGE CLYNDENNING,

Nephew and Sole Heir-at-Law of Henry Clyndenning, New York.

Next morning as the gray light of dawn broke into the little bed-room window, the bony hand of Old Tom signalled Darrow that the last "Move on, old man," was called by a mightier voice than that of an earthly official. Pressing Darrow's hand he whispered, earnestly:

"Go straight to Maine! Go straight to Maine! Good by," and the eyes of this friendless wanderer closed forever.

* * * * * * *

Darrow was not naturally mercenary. Since his departure from England he had become to consider himself fated. Wealth to him would probably prove his downfall. It was but a matter of time, he believed, that under any circumstances he would be detected and brought back to England, and doomed to the gallows or a convict's life.* Wealth would only hasten his capture. Then again, poor Old Tom's vision of property might be but the wild imagery of an unfortunate old man's brain.

The following day he busied himself ruminating over the advisability of a journey to Maine. A vivid dream the previous night, in which he thought he saw the homestead Old Tom had referred to, strengthened his desire to go. So with what little money he had at his command he had the remains of his old comrade embalmed

*NOTE.—Under the rules of evidence in England, the accused is not allowed to testify in his own behalf, consequently an apparently strong chain of circumstantial evidence may succeed in hanging an innocent man, and as this case appeared to him, all the talent of the English bar could not have saved him.

and coffined, and left for Maine. This course was the result of a request by Old Tom that he would like, if possible, to be laid away in the old church-yard at home.

Arriving at Bangor his errand soon became known. The remains of Old Tom were placed in the vault in the cemetery, and many citizens, who had been advised of the news, called to view them. Many identified the features as belonging to the Clyndenning family.

"The small finger of his left hand was cut off by a circular saw, when a boy."

This remark was made by an old gentleman who had been his playmate. An anchor and harp pricked in India ink on his right arm, was done at the school-house by George Wright, the son of a retired sea captain, who still resided in the city, and who kept a flour and feed store near the court-house. He identified the marks and remembered the fact because he was punished for the act at the time by the schoolmaster, Mr. Jarvis, long since dead.

Darrow remained in the town a week before he presented his deed to the recorder. Having become acquainted with a young and exceedingly intelligent attorney at the boarding-house, Darrow made known to him the facts of the deed, which they duly filed for record in the court house.

The discovery of George Clyndenning, Jr., had set many men to thinking that the title to the land occupied by them might become affected, but when the record of the deed became public, it was the talk of the town. Small groups of merchants could be seen congregating on the streets discussing the event.

The New York brother of the late Rev. George Clyndenning, Henry Clyndenning, having died suddenly with-

out issue, and intestate, this property had vested in Old Tom as next of kin. As it was supposed that George Clyndenning, Jr., alias Old Tom, had also departed this life, the property would, in that event, escheat to the State for want of an inheritor. The executors appointed had executed leases, and a larger portion of the Clyndenning farm lying along the River Kenduskeag in the business portions of the city, where the lumber mills, vessel docks and warehouses are, was worth fully one million dollars.

Darrow was looked upon both as an usurper and an exceedingly lucky fellow. Leroy Wilson, the young attorney, had secured all the evidence necessary to establish the title of the entire premises.

A public meeting was held in the town hall to effect a settlement with Darrow. Prominent attorneys were retained by the city, but it was agreed that Darrow was unquestionably the sole owner of the entire tract. The facts were patent and undeniable; George Clyndenning, alias Old Tom, had died a tramp when by right he was a millionaire, and James Darrow was his grantee.

The estate had been leased to many citizens and the city would buy. Eight hundred thousand dollars was to be paid to James Darrow from the city treasury within ninety days from the date of the meeting.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CONVICT'S CONFESSION—TURNING QUEEN'S EVIDENCE.

Darrow in the interim returned to the western metropolis, and under a fictitious name, subscribed for a Maidestone newspaper, which was sent regularly to the address given. One day while perusing its contents he was surprised and shocked to read in displayed headlines the horrible words:

MURDER WILL OUT.

CHARLES LANDSDOWNE GUILTY

OF THE KILLING OF WARREN MARGATE.

CONFESSION OF WILLIAM LINDLEY

WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE BEEN AN

EYE WITNESS AND ACCOMPLICE

AFTER THE ACT IN THE TERRIBLE AFFAIR.

The confession read:

"I, William Lindley, a convict, lately sentenced to fourteen years for highway robbery, do make this statement under oath. I was out in the thicket back of Landsdowne Hall, near Maidestone, Kent, repairing a stone-fence for my employer, Squire Landsdowne, when I saw Warren Margate coming through an open space in the thicket. When within twenty paces from the fence I saw Charles Landsdowne appear from the left, take deliberate aim at Mr. Margate and fire, killing him instantly. Not desiring

to be called as a witness to this transaction I assisted Charles Landsdowne to escape and made my way back to Landsdowne Hall, and soon left the place for London.

(Signed) WILLIAM LINDLEY."

"The time will come," the article continued, "when young Landsdowne will be captured, as a perfect description has been sent to all police headquarters in Europe, America and Australia," and concluded by saying: "The only clue to Landsdowne's whereabouts, and that is decidedly slim, is the fact that a certain man answering his description boarded an America-bound vessel, the Amazon, at Chatham. This vessel returned to England, but an interview with the captain (all captains have an innate dislike to "ferretin' land-lubber" detectives) disclosed little information. The man Lindley will turn queen's evidence, and thus save his own punishment at the expiration of the term he is now serving."

This alarming news greatly dismayed Darrow, who began to fear his sudden acquisition of wealth would prove his betrayal. He strolled along the streets not knowing what course to pursue.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Fidelity brighter than any jewel."

Lillie Margate sat by the front window of her comfortable home. She was plying her needle for the benefit of the parish poor. She disliked sewing societies, but loved to make little articles for a poor widow who was the natural guardian of five diminutive creatures, and she made them stylish, too. Once in a great while we discover a girl who is graceful from the topmost silken hair of her well shaped head to the soles of her tiny boots. She is graceful. People call it stylish. Everything becomes her. She can take a hat without a feather; yes, with a tear in the top, crowd it on her head, knock it all out of shape by one graceful thump of her graceful fist, and it immediately becomes transformed into a jaunty, sweet little "love of a hat," in fact, superior to a Parisian importation costing as much as a silk gown; that is, on her particular head, not so on another. She can don a dress of atrocious color, design and cut; shake her graceful form into it like magic, reef it up a bit here, let it out there, move a button or two—there now, a little tighter about that magnificent throat, a smile, and Venus is herself.

In the great millinery establishments of the world pretty faced and rosy cheeked girls try on bonnets, and, giggling, display their pearly teeth, their lustrous, flashing eyes peeping like diamonds from under the shadow of a handsome bonnet. This is done to show some homely

and withering old maid, with gold in her pocket but little shrewdness in her head, that "the bonnet is charming."

"So it is, indeed," she exclaims, picturing in her ancient mind what a swell she will cut next Easter Sunday.

Lillie Margate's delight was to dress poor Mrs. Jollin's "childer" up so tastily that when they came to Sunday school with their clean, neatly trimmed dresses, the other children would look at them admiringly.

Well, there she sat, this good and graceful girl, every stitch recording some recollection of a manly face.

"Where can he be, (stitch) across the deep ocean? (stitch.) Will I ever see him again, poor fellow?" and a big tear bedimmed her eyes.

When a woman says "poor fellow" the second time about a man, she means more than the words express—a sympathetic feeling way down in the bottom of her heart—for pity is akin to love, and if she does not love then she will soon.

"That horrid paper (stitch) to write such things about Charles."

A loud knock at the door startled her and she dropped her sewing and ran down stairs.

It was a messenger from Thorpe, saying he would like to see some member of the Margate family at his office some day soon, to ask a few questions in regard to the man Lindley.

The adroit Thorpe had sent the message in this form knowing Mr. or Mrs. Margate would never call on the attorney of Landsdowne Hall.

The day was bright and clear, and old Wallie hitched up the chestnut pony, who was a fleet pacer, and Lillie jumping into her gig cart with Toby, her pet greyhound,

leaping and yelping by her side, made for the city, beating the lawyer's messenger and his jogging steed fully a mile.

Thorpe was delighted to see Lillie; she had been the mainstay of his view of the case. Jerricks had often become disgusted and disheartened as his many strategies and theories had proven futile. The confession of Lindley had almost converted him to the belief that Charles Landsdowne had indeed committed the deed; in fact, Jerricks upon one occasion candidly admitted to Thorpe that, "Ven a veller o' Lindley's cloth gets down to a confession h'its the h'only time we believes 'im. Nevertheless, Mr. Thorpe, the weak pint in this confessing, be that o' placin' the wust o' the crime on Landsdowne, probably to save 'isself."

Lillie had long since suspected that Charles Landsdowne and the James Darrow who shipped on the Amazon were one and the same, and patiently awaited an opportunity to express to him her faith in his innocence; this she believed would encourage the wanderer and give him hope.

"Oh, I could die with him!" inadvertently passed her lips as Wallie held the gate open for her on her return trip from the town. Old Wallie never looked up. His young mistress's secret was safe with him, but this fact did not prevent the crimson from coloring Lillie's pale cheeks at her carelessness. She longed for the promised trip to America, for then, she thought, she might discover some trace of him who was uppermost in her thoughts.

A family named Tupper, residing in Maidestone, proposed paying a visit to New York, and perhaps to proceed inland as far as the Rocky Mountains, visiting Niagara Falls, Mammoth Cave and other points of interest. Mrs. Margate had spent the day with them and, having heard

so much about the anticipated excursion, she was full of it.

Archibald Margate had been busy all day electioneering. He was about to become a candidate for election to parliament, and when Mrs. Margate proposed to sail with the Tuppers for America, he discouraged the idea, as it would upset his plans.

"Mamma, you and Lillie go with the Tuppers and leave me here to fight this political battle alone."

"Dear Archie! I never was away so long from you."

"But, ma; pa would be less worried, if we were away. He could then invite his noisy politicians to the house and they could sit up and jabber all night if they chose."

"A wise head on young shoulders, Lill," the farmer laughingly replied.

It was decided they should go with the Tuppers. Mrs. Tupper, John Tupper, junior, Miss Nellie Tupper and Susan, the Tupper maid.

Busy times for four weeks. Seamstresses, dresses, sewing, stitching—my! what a time. Trunks ordered; great preparation. Ten times too much—the usual case with novel tourists.

The day of departure arrived. All Lillie's young friends in the vicinity had called to say good by. Archibald Margate was to accompany them to Liverpool.

Old Wallie was nervous and busy ordering the men about. One team and a spring wagon to take the trunks and baggage; the family carriage the smaller parcels and the party.

Lillie's greyhound, Toby, was to go only as far as Maidestone. Poor Tobias seemed aware that something out of the way was to happen, as he watched with wistful eyes the loading.

Amid many good bys and waving of handkerchiefs, away the family carriage rumbled over the highway. The Tuppers were at the railroad station, they had been there for half an hour. Mrs. Tupper was a matter-of-fact elderly lady, the wife of John Tupper, senior, one of the greatest iron men in the country, who "ran a mill" of over one thousand employes, a man of iron will. But Mrs. Tupper ran the house and John Tupper in a very methodical and systematic manner. She always allowed plenty of time for "accidents, delays or errors." She had all the baggage at the station and checked at 2 o'clock P. M., notwithstanding the train did not pass Maidestone till 3 o'clock.

A merry hurrah was shouted by John Tupper, junior, as the Margate family carriage turned the corner and appeared to view.

* * * * * *

Darrow having tired of idleness accepted a situation as book-keeper in a small store. He had to work only a few hours a day, but he was thus kept from the street and comparatively out of danger. One evening while on his way to the post-office, a carriage passed close to him.

A sudden impulse caused him to turn about, and in doing so he caught sight of one of the occupants.

"That face! Heavens! Can it be she? It is if I am alive!" he exclaimed. "Oh, how can I make myself known? Dare I? That she has kept our acquaintanceship a secret I have not a doubt. My God! does that beautiful girl return the love I have for her?" Thoughts like these flashed with lightning rapidity through his mind as he gazed fervently after the retreating carriage.

Clenching his fist tightly he exclaimed, after a moment's consideration: "I will see her if I die for it."

Following the vehicle hurriedly he noticed its destination, one of the largest hotels in the city. Yes, it was true; on the register appeared the names:

MRS. TUPPER.
MRS. MARGATE.
MISS LILLIE MARGATE.
MISS NELLIE TUPPER.
JOHN TUPPER, JR., all of England.

Darrow was a man who seldom acted hastily; seating himself in the lobby of the hotel he considered what he should do and how to get word to Lillie.

"A meeting must be planned; how can it be done in safety to Miss Margate and myself?"

Fortune and Fate, two peculiar dames, who sometimes mutually agree to give sister Hope a chance, caused Lillie Margate to remain at home in the hotel that evening to write some letters, while the others of the party attended the theatre. Darrow saw them leave the hotel, and as the door of the carriage slammed his heart leaped with joy. He now determined on a bold stroke. Entering the office he wrote on a card:

DEAR MISS MARGATE:—An old friend who once lived near you in Kent would like very much to see you in parlor B a moment, if you please.

Addressed, MISS MARGATE, Room 804.

Lillie was surprised and startled at receiving such a note; so agitated did she become that half a minute elapsed before she instructed the bell-boy as to the answer for which he stood waiting at the door.

After an effort she summoned up strength enough to articulate: "Tell the gentleman I will be down in a moment. Stay; tell me, what is the gentleman's name?"

"He did not say, mum. Isn't it on the card, mum?"

"Never mind, I will go down. It is he. It must be." A hot flush of excitement came over Lillie, and her cheeks were burning, because she believed the next moment would bring her face to face with the man she secretly loved. Throwing a wrap over her shoulders she ran nimbly down the steps.

Coming to the parlor mentioned in the note, Lillie paused at the door; Landsdowne walked forward, and, grasping her proffered hand, said, earnestly:

"Miss Margate, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for granting me this visit. Brave girl! You do not deem me guilty? say no," and his voice was full of emotion; "Say no, Miss Lillie," and he rested his hand lightly on her shoulder, and looked into her face. Lillie looked down, tears filled her eyes, and she answered in a manner that conveyed in four words the writings of a page:

"No, I never did."

"Thanks, Miss Lillie; God bless you, my dear good friend!"

Like a sister forgiving the returned brother, she sat beside him on the lounge.

"We must talk but a short time. Your friends have gone to the theater. I will be brief and tell you all. You will believe me, Miss Lillie, won't you?"

"I will!" and she brightened up and looked in his face with love-lit eyes,—such love-lit eyes; drinking in the manly words of her lover.

"Your kind face has been my only solace in my trouble," Landsdowne began. "I have wandered from place to place. There is no home for me." Again big tears glistened in Lillie's eyes. "But God and you, Lillie Margate,

know I am innocent—and that is more than half the battle."

Sitting side by side the last of an antagonistic race, these two looked into the grate fire, and in the dying embers they saw and read the gloomy picture of their future life, but their hearts were brave and full of hope. Lillie innocently told her story of the visit to Lindley in prison, also her alliance with Thorpe in the great case of the Crown vs. Landsdowne, what she had done to attempt to unravel the mystery, little divining every word she said was a token of the love she bore the listener. "And here I am," she said; "I have come all the way to try and find you, to try and comfort you, poor—" she was about to say poor boy!

Landsdowne was mortal, he couldn't stand it. Putting his arm around her he kissed her fervently on the lips!

Lillie blushed but said not a word. By far too sensible to say, "You must not," too true to herself to become apparently annoyed. She loved Charles Landsdowne —all the doubts existing in her heart had flown forever, and she would not flinch from her position by assuming what she did not mean.

Modesty compelled the blush of innocence to mount her cheek, but her heart was staunch and true, and Landsdowne knew it on account of her silence.

"Now, we must not yet be seen together, Miss Lillie," he said.

"I don't care if we are, but we must be wise." She spoke hurriedly.

"In half an hour they will return; we must not meet again while you are in the city," she said, sadly.

"I have half a mind to go back and stand my trial like a man; with your permission I will do so."

"Oh, Charles!" she replied, "what if it should happen

that you should be convicted? What if—no, I will not permit it. I cannot." As the little maiden pronounced these words, she looked straight into his face, her lustrous eyes flashing in almost a mandatory manner, but Landsdowne knew it was for love of him.

"Do as I say; stay till my return to England," she continued. "Give me your assumed name on this card," handing him a card.

Charles wrote, James Darrow.

"You sailed on the Amazon; I knew it was you."

"You surprise me."

"Am I not correct?"

"You are, indeed."

"I will tell you in a long letter how I discovered this. Oh, I am so happy, now," she said, prettily. "This man Lindley committed the deed."

"Darrow's eyes fairly stood out from their sockets with astonishment.

"Listen," Lillie continued, while she assumed a business air. "Lindley loaded your gun the night before."

"No, but he cleaned it."

"Yes, and he took the charge of shot out of the cartridge and put it in the old musket, followed brother out to the thicket and killed him."

Landsdowne stood facing her, pale with the astonishing developments being cited.

"Was the musket found?"

"Yes, near by, hid in the grove."

"Did he have any shot?"

"No; the pickles taken from poor brother's wound were taken from your gun the night before."

"My God!" he exclaimed; "Lillie, this is news to me. The truth flashes before me. Warren said when

dying, I holding his head on my knee, 'Two shots! Two shots!' Yes, poor fellow, he had seen Lindley shoot. I kissed him when he was dying and implored his forgiveness."

"Charles, I am so glad of that; and one doctor at the inquest said your face was photographed in his eye," she said, earnestly, "and that accounts for it."

"Now we have the truth, but how can we prove it?" said Charles, eagerly.

"But one safe way," replied Lillie, again looking at the clock; "by the testimony of Lindley; and he, I know, would swear your life away."

"Yes, as he tried to in that statement. Hold! there is another way, brave girl. Yes, I believe the Almighty will be with us, but we must work."

"Could we only prove the barrel fired from your gun was not loaded with shot; and oh, how hard I have tried to discover some one who saw Lindley withdraw the shot. Who is that boy, a sort of half idiot, who works at the Hall? He says he saw Lindley with Master Charles' gun?"

"Pete, poor Pete,' said Landsdowne, smiling at the recollection. He was so fond of me. How hard he begged to have me take him shooting."

Lillie answered pleasantly, "I have tried for months to see him, but you know he has the family failing in his dread of the Margates. The detective says this boy knows more than he desires to tell; but the detectives use this as a stereotyped phrase I am afraid."

Again Lillie looked at the clock.

"Bless you!" Landsdowne said; "and you have been working for me so industriously all this time. You brave, good girl, how can I ever thank you?"

The hands of the ornamented hotel clock were both

pointing towards ten. One farewell kiss and Lillie tripped up the stairs, her heart too full of joy and hope to say farewell.

When Landsdowne parted with Lillie, a sense of loneliness came over him, and he determined, if possible, to at least catch one glance of her ere she returned to England.

CHAPTER XIV.

A VISIT TO MAMMOTH CAVE.

"Love is blind and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit."

The entrance to Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, is reached by a path down a wild ravine about three hundred yards from the hotel on the bluff, and surrounding it are tulip trees, grape vines, butternuts and maples, fringing ferns, green mosses and tinted leaves.

Mrs. Tupper sat down on a step with a sigh. "Oh, dear; what a dreadful place this America is, to be sure. Things are so far apart you have to walk or travel fifty miles to get anywhere. There, now, Miss Margate, I am going to have my backache again."

Young Tupper, his sister and Lillie, were examining some beautiful ferns which grew in crevices on the rocks. Mrs. Margate had decided to remain at the hotel and join them on the second trip.

Inside the entrance of the cave, dressed in the garments usually worn by those who take the long route, stood a party apparently deeply interested in the late arrivals.

Matt, the colored guide, had been chartered to escort them. The old darky was busy answering questions for half a dozen voices at once.

Mrs. Tupper did not like the idea of walking several miles. "Have they no carriages, Mr. Guide?"

"Bless you! no, mum! Carriages would have a bad time down dar, missus," with a grin.

"How many miles did you say your *short* route was?" she inquired, sarcastically.

"Seben."

"And you expect me to walk seven miles?"

"No one eber tires in dis cave. Make up your mine, mum."

After considerable coaxing Mrs. Tupper consented to go, and donning the cave attire she started out, following closely on Matt's extensive heels; Miss Tupper next, then Lillie, followed by young Tupper as protection.

"Dar a gemman hyar who would like to jine the party, missus, if youse no 'jection, missus."

Mrs. Tupper turned about and looked the gentleman over carefully.

"Why, no. He appears to be respectable and honest," said blunt Mrs. Tupper, aloud.

"I sincerely hope I am not intruding," the stranger said, raising his hat politely.

"No, indeed," replied Mrs. Tupper, in a motherly way, "I was just saying to the girls, 'I wish Tupper was here;' I feel rather afraid to journey through this terrible place without some male escort. Come along, young man," said the matter-of-fact old lady, and the girls giggled at the home-like appellation.

"Taking the characteristic staff from the guide he joined in the single file procession immediately behind young Tupper, with whom he joined in conversation when the party reached the Gothic Gallery and were looking with great interest at the old vats and pump-frames. A stairway beyond led to the gate of a long avenue. From this ample gateway a narrow gallery or rocky shelf

sweeps entirely across the main cave, really forming a bridge, whereby one might pass to the other side.

"On dat rocky platform over yonder, Mr. Edwin Booth once spoke s'lections from Hamlet," said the guide.

"What did he do that for?" quoth the original Mrs. Tupper.

"I specks to 'muse some of his frens, missus."

Here Matt lit some fireworks which illumined the cavern and created a beautiful scene along the chasm. Lillie was leaning on her staff when she turned suddenly pale.

"It cannot be he."

None other than her lover, his face, his voice, his eyes. She turned away as a sudden joy came over her.

Old Matt said, "Dis yere place, ladies, used to be known as de haunted chamber," as he pointed into the cavern, "and I must tole you some interesting legends concernin' it."

As Lillie turned away her face Landsdowne believed he caught a look of recognition, and yet he would not for the world betray his identity to the Tuppers.

Having, as he had supposed, sufficiently disguised himself, he stood close to Matt, listening to his wonderful tale.

Matt told of a miner who had lost his way in the cave, and who, when he heard the echoes of his own voice, thought he was in the infernal regions. Lillie, assuming interest, crossed over from her position and stood near Landsdowne.

Being clad in the quaint traveling costume worn by the ladies in the cave added to rather than detracted from her beauty; her eyes beaming with love brought sufficient

compensation for the many hours he had awaited her arrival.

"So near and yet so far," the stranger said to Lillie, and they soon evidently became deeply interested in each other.

Mrs. Tupper, witnessing the change, expressed herself this way:

"Now, there, that's always the way. Those two youngsters have become acquainted and I must trudge it alone. Young man, let me take your arm."

The stranger gallantly acceded to the demand.

On reaching the Pillars of Hercules old Matt collected the lamps and arranged them with fine effect.

"We are now among de arches ob Gothic Chapel," he said, inviting them all to enter.

These pillars were so grouped as to form two Gothic arches.

"Befo' dis alta' a young bride once stood."

"Did she get married here?" inquired Lillie.

"Yeth 'um, she had promised her mudder dat she neber marry no man on de face ob de earth, and you believe it, she kep' her promise."

The stranger slipped forward, asking Matt just where they stood, and how, taking Lillie's hand and pretending to face the altar.

"Look out, Lill," said Miss Tupper, "coming events cast their shadows before."

The guide told them of several romantic marriages having taken place here, winding up by saying, "Young people believe it's good luck to get married or engaged here."

The stranger touched Miss Lillie's staff at this remark.

They stood close by as the others started to leave the place; he noticed an expressive smile upon her fair face.

The avenue leading from Gothic Chapel was over a mile in length and abounded in grotesque curiosities: The "Old Arm-Chair," a stalagmite resembling a chair; The Elephant's Head, Vulcan's Shop, The Lover's Leap, Gateswood's Dining Table, Lake Purity, Napoleon's Dome, grand in symmetry and size.

As the party retraced their steps to the main cave as far as the Giant's Coffin they left it by a crevice and found themselves in the Deserted Chambers. The opening on the left is called Black Snake Avenue on account of its serpentine windings. As the guide announced the name Mrs. Tupper stood stock still and gathered her skirts tightly about her.

"Now!" she exclaimed, "I've had plenty of this, I'm nervous enough."

Old Matt, chuckling, replied: "Bress you, marm, dere ain't no snakes in dis cave. Its de name of de avenoo. He! he! he!"

Mrs. Tupper looked dubious and muttered to herself, "Well, we've got to believe these guides."

Plodding quietly along for one hundred and fifty yards, old Matt shouted, "Danger ahead!"

Mrs. Tupper held tightly to her staff and said she wished she was home. The stranger caught Lillie's hand and helped her safely over the rocks.

Beside the path yawned a chasm called the Side-saddle Pit, from the shape of the projecting rock, on which the party seated themselves and watched with fearful interest the rolls of oiled paper lighted by the guide and dropped into the abyss. Down they went in a fiery, spiral form, burning long enough to give them a view of its corrugat-

ed side and a mass of blackened sticks and timbers sixty-five feet below.

Descending the stairway fifty yards beyond, they entered the labyrinth, a narrow, winding passage barely wide enough for two persons to go abreast. The stranger first powerfully and respectfully assisted the colossal form of Mrs. Tupper down, then, returning, he helped Lillie make the trip. As he passed down the steps he held her hand tightly, quoting Moore's homage to the fair sex:

"O woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue,
Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, then is happiness too."

Jogging along back to the main cave the party visited Echo River, where they entered a boat and floated over its strange, transparent waters, as if gliding through the air.

"May I call out your name, Miss?" asked the stranger, who sat beside her in the craft.

"Do, if you please."

"What is it?"

"Lillie."

"L-i-l-l-i-e!" he shouted, his voice reverberating fully twenty seconds.

"I am here," she responded, and as the music of her voice came back from the echoing rocks he whispered, "God bless you, I wish you could always be with me."

And then she fully identified the stranger. The party retraced their steps, and separated at the entrance of the cave, all bidding the stranger a friendly adieu.

CHAPTER XV.

A FISHING TRIP.

A few days after the Tupper party had returned to the western city, they were invited to the home of Henry Sanford, Esq., a wealthy iron man, whose American house represented the Tupper Mills, of Maidestone, England. Mr. Sanford, like many wealthy citizens of the metropolis, owned a beautiful summer villa on the shores of the tranquil Lake Geneva. It was his custom to invite his friends to spend a few days in this picturesque retreat from the business world. Arriving at the lake by the lightning train on the Northwestern Railroad, Sanford's steam yacht was in readiness to convey the merry party up the crystal lake to their destination. Mrs. Tupper grew enthusiastic as the fleet little steamer flew with them past the one hundred magnificent palaces which almost boastingly exhibit their stately domes and turrets through the openings in the green woods.

If nature was guilty in planting the great commercial city upon the flattest of prairies, she also deserves credit for placing within a two hours' ride one of the prettiest and most charming lakes, to whose fair shores and shaded groves, tired, perspiring workers hie themselves annually to rest and recuperate.

Here they bathe in the fresh, clear water, the small salaried clerk and the millionaire, as free as the aborigines did only fifty years ago.

"Nature was cunning when she made this lovely lake so close to where the big city was to be," exclaimed Mrs. Tupper, as she opened her rather extensive parasol.

"Look! look!" said Fanny, pointing to some boys in a small boat near by, who were struggling with all their might to land a four pound black bass.

Mr. Sanford ordered the wheelman to pull up close to the boys, who were quite diminutive anglers, and handed them a landing net, with which the little fellows, not over ten, skilfully landed their prize, amidst the cheers of those on the steamer.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Sanford, "we will have a grand day, and, Mrs. Tupper, you must make up your mind to catch all the fish you want for dinner," he said, in a joking manner.

Mrs. Tupper thereupon made a wager with Mrs. Margate that she would get the first bite.

"What time shall we start?" asked Lillie and Fanny in the same breath.

"Start," said Mr. Sanford, taking out his watch by habit, "four o'clock, sharp."

"That's it," said Mrs. Tupper, "you Americans will be sure to make hard work of it. Fishing, praying or eating all the same. Now, why will it not do to start at nine o'clock?"

"Nine! Why, my dear, good lady, the fish would be asleep by that time. Four o'clock is the time. It is lovely out here on the lake at sunrise, and the air is so balmy you never tire. I will engage the men, who are to row us, to-night, and have the bait ready, and so when I blow the horn (you know we have an old-fashioned fog-horn at the 'castle' which would wake the seven sleepers) you must be all ready to fall in."

The girls laughed heartily at the idea, and patient Mrs. Margate looked earnestly at Mr. Sanford's face to see if he meant what he said.

"How about breakfast?" said young Tupper, already feeling the effect of the ride on his appetite.

"Breakfast on the steamer. I will give you as good a cup of coffee, made on that boiler over there, as you ever drank. We will have to go several miles up the lake to the best fishing grounds, and that is the cause of our early start," Mr. Sanford replied.

Arriving at the elaborate home of the Sanfords, the party passed a pleasant evening in discussing the beauties of the lake, and after a refreshing slumber, the fog-horn, blown by the stalwart lungs of big Mr. Sanford, echoed along the quiet shores, and all dressed in haste to join in the anticipated excursion.

Three villagers of rather seedy appearance occupied seats in the stern of the steamer.

One, a man of middle age and rather intellectual face, was none other than the Philosopher.

When Mr. Sanford had despatched to the town for boatmen, the messenger accidentally stumbled across him on the dock at the steamboat landing.

Fishing boats were towed behind the steamer, and when the proper point was reached the party divided and took to the boats. Harry Sanford and his sister Nellie, as lucky anglers as the lake possessed, were with the party.

The other boatmen rowed the large boats occupied by Mrs. Margate, Lillie, Fanny, Young Tupper and the two young Sanfords, while the Philosopher furnished the muscle for the boat in which Mr. Sanford and Mrs. Tupper were to test their hooks.

The Philosopher, owing to force of circumstances, had not partaken of his usual number of potations, and his mind was as clear and brilliant as a Daniel Webster. He never spoke a word, however, but rowed hither and thither at the command of his employer.

"Mr. Boatman, what countryman are you?" said Mr. Sanford, eyeing him critically for a moment.

"I was born in Montreal, but educated in the western part of Canada."

"Oh! educated, did you say?" said Mrs. Tupper, turning about and surveying his ragged clothes and rimless hat rather ironically.

"Educated? What for—the ministry?"

"No, but it is said I can preach a very fair sermon," rejoined the tramp.

The hooks were baited with minnows, and as the Philosopher trolled quietly along a few paces from the shore, the other occupants of the boat watched eagerly for a nibble. I think this is a good place along here, said Mr. Sanford, casting his long line into a weedy spot for black bass; and, true enough, a tug and a jerk indicated something firmer than weeds had taken hold of his hook. By skilful manipulation a three-pounder was landed into the boat, to the infinite delight of Mrs. Tupper and the distant hurrah of those in the other boats, who had witnessed the successful operation.

"I enjoy my leisure hours out here," said Mr. Sanford, with a self-satisfied air. "It gives one such a rest from business cares. By the way, Mrs. Tupper, you are not annoyed quite so much in England as we are by these tiresome strikes."

"No, but John Tupper becomes greatly annoyed sometimes with the manager and superintendents at the mills.

They are so severe on the men at times, and John, you know, bless his heart, is inclined to be so kind."

"Severe with the men, indeed. Why, here we dare not even dictate to the men. They would call a union meeting and demand the discharge of an overbearing superintendent at once."

The Philosopher was rowing quietly along, listening gravely to the conversation.

"Yes, I understand you have had much trouble in America. Of course strikes are not unknown to us; but the men in our mills seem so patient, and work long hours without complaining."

"I am sorry to say," said Mr. Sanford, "that I expect great trouble at no distant day in this country. The socialistic element is pervading the entire working classes. Free speech, the curse of this country, is one cause of it. What would you think of a man getting up in the public square in Maidestone and talking treason to a mob, advising them to cry havoc, plunder, sack and burn the town, overthrow the government, hang millionaires to lamp posts, and distribute their possessions?"

"Horrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Tupper. "But wait, I have a bite. Look! ugh! I've got him! Mr. Sanford, pull in my line, quick! Hurrah!" the old lady shouted.

"It's only a perch!" exclaimed the Philosopher, "a socialistic perch."

"Why so, Mr. Boatman?" laughingly inquired Mr. Sanford.

"The perch is socialistic because he eats up the bait belonging to the black bass, the working man, and has caused this good lady much excitement for nothing."

"You are right in one sense," said Mr. Sanford, "the socialist is the "sucker" who breeds mischief among the

working men, and takes away their bread. In fact, makes a living by pandering to the vicious elements of this class."

"You will excuse me, sir," said the Philosopher, looking up at Mr. Sanford, whose good knowledge of human nature had discerned some remnant of refinement in the Philosopher's address, "I have studied this labor problem considerably of late."

Mrs. Tupper, who was examining her late catch, looked at the boatman, inquisitively.

"Yes; I was thinking this morning of Wendell Phillips' words, 'Never look for an age when the people can be quiet and safe; at such times despotism, like a shrouding mist, steals over the mirror of freedom."

Mrs. Tupper looked at the Philosopher's rimless hat.

"The people are quiet to-day, I think," said Mr. Sanford.

"I beg to differ from you, sir. The socialistic blatherskite I have no interest in whatever," said the tramp; "he is a pestilential nuisance, and of no earthly use. But the working man, the laborer, is not quiet, neither is he safe. This class will never be quiet, never be safe, while they are in the grasping power of the monopolist. The men who pile up large fortunes must, sooner or later, be brought to a position where they must decide that on this great, free, God-given earth, one man, a millionaire, cannot rest and amuse himself with all the enjoyments wealth can bestow, out of the semi-slavery of men who toil ten or twelve hours a day for a bare pittance, hardly enough to keep body and soul together."

"Yes; but, my dear sir, do you call ten to fifteen dollars per day a pittance?"

"Ho! I've another bite!" shouted Mrs. Tupper.

"It is only a weed, madam," said the Philosopher, dryly.

"The hours of labor must be reduced," continued the tramp, "so that toilers can have more time to learn the science of self-government."

"Yes, but you do not answer my question. Do you know that I am paying men as high as fifteen dollars per day?" replied Sanford, interested in the pauper's logic. "Many able lawyers and clergymen do not earn that much."

"Yes, that is true," said the Philosopher, who was anxious for an argument, "but it was the inventive genius of some poor workman that produced your labor-saving machines, which can be run only by these fifteen-dollar-a-day men, instead of the same work being done by twenty, as was the case prior to their invention. Then again," continued the tramp, excitedly, "look at the social barriers between industry and capital, barriers of pride, caste, hatred and bitterness. The workman, or the very inventor of your livelihood and success, cannot meet you face to face; he cannot discuss with you the details of the business you are jointly operating."

"Why not?" exclaimed Sanford, rather haughtily.

"He cannot. He may suggest, he cannot dictate."

"Then you would have the employe dictate to the employer, would you, Mr. Boatman?"

"Not beyond his ability. But I would place men of inventive genius, and of equal ability, side by side and face to face, be they capitalists or workmen. There should exist a conciliatory spirit between the two. Joint boards of arbitration should exist. The working element should be permitted a hearing on all subjects. Arbitration should

be allowed and encouraged by both parties. The capitalist should come down from his high horse and consider the laborer a fit subject to breath this free air, and to talk, eat, live and enjoy his life. There would then grow up a higher order of manhood among this people. Education would be sought by them. The science of mechanism thrives among them, and a rapid advancement in all that pertains to perfection in the various branches of trade would occur."

Mrs. Tupper had dropped her rod and was gazing at the logical vagrant. She had never heard such conversation from such a ragged individual. But, Mrs. Tupper, you good-hearted old lady, we have many such logical, theoretical, but personally impracticable people in this country. Men who have the ability to run a nation, but, through some defect, cannot earn a meal.

"What is your name, my friend?" said Mr. Sanford.

"I have no name," answered the Philosopher, indifferently, "I am called the Philosopher."

"You are, indeed, a man of considerable intellect. Hold! Row gently. Do you see that line? Steady! Now then, pull ahead. Ah! I've got him," said Mr. Sanford, giving his rod a side jerk, as the reel worked with lightning rapidity. It is a whopper, I'll bet! Now, Philosopher, easy; get the landing-net ready. Ah! ha! there he is, a brave one; a five pounder if he's an ounce!"

Mrs. Tupper applauded, and the engineer in the steamer, half a mile away, sounded his steam whistle as he saw the big fish glitter in the sun.

"You will dine with me to-night, Mr. Boatman, for this."

Mrs. Tupper looked horrified.

As the boats returned, Mr. Sanford took the tramp up

to the bathroom and ordered him a bath. A suit of respectable clothes was raked out from a wardrobe, and instead of the ragged boatman, sat a man who would grace the board of any family in America. A man of excellent manners, witty, logical, a scholar and a gentleman.

Mrs. Tupper became deeply interested in Mr. Philosopher, and she expressed herself anxious and willing to assist him out of his forlorn condition. For one evening he enjoyed the society of those who awakened in his breast the memory of sober, respectable and happy days. It was a gleam of sunshine over his shadowed path.

* * * * * * *

When the excursionists returned to the city, driving over a swing bridge they saw by the abutment thereof, a man whose clothes were muddy and torn, his face dirty and hair unkempt. He was resting his weary head; his bloodshot eyes glared up at the passing carriage. It was the Philosopher.

* * * * * * *

Darrow was detained later than usual at his place of business one evening fixing up some accounts. The weather was sultry and he sought the street for fresh air. It was growing late, still many pedestrians were hurrying to and fro. Now and then a policeman walked lazily by. Entering a rather degraded locality he had not proceeded far, when from a basement saloon of an exceedingly dingy building in what is called the levee, he heard the sound of a voice as though someone was lecturing or haranguing an audience. Peering into the window, which scarcely rose to the level of the sidewalk, he was surprised to see upon a platform, wildly gesturing, none other than the Philosopher.

Having become quite interested in this eccentric indi-

vidual, Darrow entered the hall, or "underground variety," as such places are called, and sat in a remote corner so that the Philosopher would not recognize him. This was a place of resort for the vilest of the vile. Twenty-five half-drunken women, of all ages, sat about beer tables drinking beer with as many more men of all grades. Among these women were sprinkled young girls whose faces even retained a look of modesty, but whose young souls crime and degradation had long since captured for their own. Old hags whose sottish faces bore the imprint of habitual drunkenness and debauchery. Young clerks and gray-haired men whose appearance indicated they were sadly out of place within those dirty walls. Professional thieves, burglars and confidence men made this their headquarters. Behind a bar in one end of the room was a man with dark-red curly hair. He was known among the frequenters of the levee by the appropriate but inelegant cognomen, "Curly."

The Philosopher had many a time spent his half-supperless night upon the pillowless benches of Mr. Curly's theater. Mr. Curly was somewhat of a mathematician. He always counted that a hanger-on around his place could be put to some use. If he could play, or as Mr. Curly professionally termed it, fake upon any instrument so as to amuse his audiences, he ranked as No. 1 in Curly's class of pupils.

Thus, should he happen to have a voice for singing and could aid in singing a duet with one of the "ladies," or sing a comic song, or "do" a good jig or clog, or was what Mr. Curly would call a "ham-fatter," a song and dance man, or was at all "celebrated" on the underground stage, he would rank on Mr. Curly's table of sciences as No. 2.

No. 3 embraced all manner of what the proprietor termed "worthless bums." The Philosopher fell within that class, and had, owing to his entire inability to perform, not very much claim on Mr. Curly's forbearance. Several times he came near being ejected from the premises because he had failed to add one nickel to Curly's exchequer, not being invited to drink by some generous customer.

"A biznis lookin' chap's always good for an invitation. Flosopher, yer no good," he had said, early that evening, with disgust portrayed on his prominent under jaw; "yer can't fake or hamfat, and yer gettin' too low to cap drinks, so yer got to git! D'ye hear?"

Before the words had taken effect on the Philosopher a "customer" passed the tramp a nickel, which granted him a little grace with the business-like landlord, who pushed the tramp's half-dime into the till with a dexterous twist and passed in return a glass of flat, black-looking lager.

The Philosopher drank it with one quaff, and resumed his seat with an air of one who had accomplished a great deed. It appeared that later on some customer had mentioned to Curly that the Philosopher was a rattling good temperance lecturer, so the great mind of Professor Curly had resolved to use him in a new role. "Temp'rance fake. That's a good un," said Mr. Curly, as he lit a cigar. "Let's have a lecture this evening, he said," with a knowing smile to a musician. "Call him up, Jim," he said, pointing to the Philosopher, who was half dozing in his seat. The Philosopher, believing another beer was in sight, sprang with alacrity to the bar at the musician's signal. Curly, leaning over the bar, addressed the Philosopher: "Say, cull, can you lecture on temp'rance?"

"What do *you* want with that?" said the Philosopher, rather disappointed.

"The byes want a speech; when it's 11:30 we'll call you; d'ye hear?" said Curly. "Here you are, and he passed over the counter to the Philosopher a black bottle and a glass.

The Philosopher filled it to the brim and saluted the scheme. "It's a good one," he said.

When the hour arrived the Philosopher mounted the stage. Curly having plied him with several heavy drinks he was ready and willing to perform.

The hall was then well filled. The Philosopher had commenced. Darrow noticed the proprietor of the place was busy explaining to several of his audience the fun they were about to have.

The women laughed and derided the Philosopher with drunken calls and yells, but Professor Curly ordered quietness and his order was supreme.

As the liquor fired the Philosopher's fertile brain he proceeded eloquently. Many in the audience were surprised. All but the older drunken hags became interested. The glasses stopped jingling, the waiters stood looking up, tears came to the eyes of the less hardened.

Curly sat on the counter. At first he joined in the applause sarcastically; then he became silent; then he turned pale with rage and demanded that the Philosopher should desist. The Philosopher went on thundering forth eloquent sentences. Powerful oratory it was, full of magnetism; he fairly electrified this sottish assemblage.

Outsiders, passing, stopped at the door. Among the passers-by that night was one who has done more for the unfortunate than all the high-salaried ministers in the city put together. A man with a big heart and who goes among the thorns and thistles of life to find a rose. He

was attracted by the sound of the Philosopher's voice and listened at the open window.

He walked down the steps and leaned against the door.

The Philosopher was giving a description of his wasted life. Curly was sitting on his bar. There was a leer of contempt upon his face, but still he seemed interested and kept his wild dark eyes fastened on the Philosopher like a wildcat.

"Such men as that," yelled the Philosopher, pointing to Curly, "have sent more souls to hell than all—"

Before he had finished the sentence, Curly had drawn a revolver quick as a flash, and pointing at the Philosopher, hissed at him: "Git down or I'll fire the hull top of yer head off, yer bum!"

The Philosopher heeded not the request, though interrupted for the time being. Those in the room sought safety under tables and behind chairs, while many ran out. The gentleman who had waited at the door came forward and requested Curly not to shoot.

"Well, let him shut up," he said, doggedly.

"I will take him out," replied the gentleman.

Several officers, hearing of the disturbance, had arrived, and Curly resumed his business behind the bar; beckoning to one of them he ordered the Philosopher's removal.

This incident proved a turning-point in the Philosopher's checkered career. It was not long before he became a reformed man, and has since turned the path of many a wayfarer like himself, and the time has come when the Philosopher proves one of the most ardent advocates among a class of men who are never properly appreciated in a large city—those who take hold of the miserables who have become too low to receive charity and spiritual sustenance from the high-collared church-member.

It has often been a question in the mind of the author whether this class of reformer is not more deserving of patronage and praise than the gentleman who administers to the spiritual necessities of the oak-pewed aristocracy for a stipend of $10,000 per annum and bouquets.

CHAPTER XVI.

GETTING FACTS FROM A FOOL.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

Not long after Lillie's return to England she endeavored to run across Peter, the half idiotic boy at Landsdowne Hall. She did not dare to go near the house in search of him, but watched for him as he might pass going for the cows. Peter was fond of whistling; he could be heard on a still night crossing the fields piping some weird tune, perhaps created by the wild imaginings of his partially daft brain, or played by the fairy pipers in the thickets; a spot which, since the finding of Warren Margate, seemed to impress him with great awe.

Lillie had frequently heard this whistling joskin pass; she could scarcely refrain from rushing after him, so bent had she become on interviewing him in regard to the vital point upon which she relied so much.

Day after day, and still no opportunity occurred for a meeting. One afternoon, as Lillie sat in the window performing her accustomed watch, who should come along the road toward Maidestone but this very important personage. He was pulling a hand-cart, the tire of one of the wheels of which was on the box, demonstrating to the passer-by that the oaf had met with an accident and was en route to the blacksmith shop, which was about a mile down the road.

He whistled loud and clear as he passed Margate's main gate. He had a bright cock's feather in his rather rusty hat, and as he sauntered along pulling the cart, he stopped his music at intervals to mutter to himself. He was of a noticeable disposition, and at all times and under all circumstances brimming over with a sort of imaginary mirthfulness. When he saw a little bird on the fence he would say, "'Elloo, little un, why bean't thou a singin'? what good be ye unless ye sing?"

Now and then the cart pulled a little hard, as the road in spots had become muddy from a recent shower, and Peter would turn towards the cart, and pulling it industriously would say, "Coom along, old feller, coom along, we be a goin' to the shop. Doan't be so hard pullin'."

Then he saw a squirrel on the roadside. This caused a complete halt of the cart, whistling and muttering, and he gazed after the little animal as it jumped nimbly along the fence.

"Where be thee goin'?" he said, "goin' to thy supper? Is the little uns hungry? Coom to me and I'll get thee nuts." But the squirrel disappeared, and Pete toted on his way.

Then a small pool by the wayside attracted the idiot's attention. He again stopped, and making a boat from a piece of chip he rigged up a sail from part of the feather from his hat and blew it across the pool. This caused him to grin so widely that the whistling was again suspended. He was thus engaged when a gig-cart and pony with Lillie Margate for a driver came up.

The joskin pulled his hat over his eyes, and abandoning his ship to the merciless winds, resumed his journey.

Lillie addressed him.

"What a heavy load you have, poor Peter." The kind

voice, so unexpected from one of a family whom he had been taught to dread, caused him to look up and open his unusually capacious mouth. He answered not a word, but as he recovered from his astonishment he grinned again.

"You may hitch your cart behind my gig if you choose," said Lillie.

This is a proposition which savors of danger, thought the fool, and by a powerful attempt at sagacity he grinningly replied:

"Ye may run away wid it."

"No, indeed, Peter, I will take it to the shop for you, and you may ride in the gig with me."

This proposition staggered him. All the traditions of horrible deeds committed by the Margates for a century back floated before him. He scratched his uncouth head for a moment, but an assuring smile from Lillie dispelled his woful fancies.

"Now, Peter, you know I only want to be kind to you and help you carry your load."

The idiot gazed steadily at her sweet face for a minute without answering. He failed to discover in its expression the counterpart of direful hobgoblins, and he half consented.

"You are not afraid to ride with me, Peter, surely; I always heard you were so brave?"

This was a clincher. "Flatter a fool and he will give you half his loaf."

He pulled a string from his pocket and commenced tying his cart to the springs of the gig. Peter had compromised the contract in his own mind; he had decided to accept the hitch, but ride in the hand-cart. Lillie was satisfied, as she believed, that by drawing him into a conversation she could reason him out of the hand-cart.

"I am afraid the wheel will break, Peter," she said.

He scratched his ungainly head again.

"Come, get out and ride with me, I will have you there in a minute."

He complied and the following dialogue occurred in the mile along the road to the smith's. After some preliminary talk she said:

"Peter, you used to know Lindley, did you not?"

"Yes'm," he replied, munching some candy generously bestowed by Lillie with much foresight.

"I wonder where he went?"

No answer for a minute.—"Lunnun," he finally answered.

"Did you like him, Peter?"

"Naw," and he again munched half a sugar stick in his capacious maw.

"Don't you remember, Peter, when my brother was killed?"

He looked up with a half frightened stare into her face but did not answer.

"You remember the time, don't you?"

He nodded affirmatively.

"Did not Lindley often load Master Charles Landsdowne's gun?"

Lillie had now struck an interesting vein of thought for the idiot.

"Yaas; and Maester Charley'd like to 'ave me with 'im, but tother farm 'ands wus jellus. I knows, and he grinned and giggled aloud.

"Oh," said Lillie, to herself, "not such a fool after all."

"People are foolish to be jealous, Mr. Peter, are they not?"

"Yaas," and he pulled another piece of candy from the bag and put it in his mouth.

The subject of hunting proved exceedingly interesting to him. Lillie described vividly to his mind how pleasant it was to see the pretty pheasants in the grass.

"Yaas, its nice for de sportsman," laughed the idiot.

"Not so for the pheasants, is it, Peter?"

"Naw," and he munched another bull's eye.

"Peter, did you ever see a man take a charge of shot from a gun without firing it off?" Peter thought a moment while he looked in the candy bag.

"Yaas."

Lillie experienced a cold chill as she waited a reply. She stood as if on the brink of a precipice. Upon this idiot's answer the fate of her lover hung suspended. It came, and the idiot never divined why Miss Margate dropped the lines and turned so deathly pale.

"Yaas, (munch) I saw Lindley do it the night afore the murder." (Munch).

Lillie took a long breath of the invigorating air from the clover blossoms. Her heart beat rapidly and she felt faint. Away in the distance she saw a vision of Charles Landsdowne coming back. "He is coming back from over the broad ocean. My lover."

"Thank God," was all the answer she gave the idiot as she revived. He was looking in the bottom of the candy bag, but the last candy was gone. Shortly the reaction caused Lillie to laugh hysterically.

The blacksmith opened his eyes wide when he saw Landsdowne's fool and the daughter of "M. P." Margate riding side by side.

"I helped poor Peter with his cart," merrily laughed Lillie; "please help him untie it."

The blacksmith raised his hat, and when Miss Lillie turned and sped for home, the smith looking after the retiring gig, exclaimed: "Ah, she be one of nature's good uns; not a many like unto she."

CHAPTER XVII.

CALLED BACK.

"Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear.
When little fears grow great, great love grows there."

On her way back Lillie was in a thoughtful frame of mind, discussing whether to write to "Darrow" or not. "What assurance have I that this unfortunate Peter would adhere to his statement?" she thought. There was one thing certain, Peter was not so thoroughly idiotic as she had expected. His memory seemed good and why would not his testimony be admissible. "Oh, how I wish I were a lawyer," she ejaculated. Thorpe came to mind; "Too late to-day, I must possess myself in patience till to-morrow; my knowledge of Charles' whereabouts must remain a secret from Thorpe and the world at present." Alighting from the gig, Wallie came to take the pony to the barn.

The next morning bright and early Lillie journeyed to Maidestone; when she entered Thorpe's office, she found the little man engaged in deep study. He did not look up. He had not seen her since her return from America and had not expected her. So overjoyed was he upon hearing her voice that he dropped his books with a slam and came out from the inner room all smiles.

"Why, my brave little ally, how glad I am to see you again. I had almost lost courage since your departure. I so missed your clever suggestions; more, in fact, than I would Jerrick's. How did you enjoy your trip? I called on the Tuppers last evening; they were all so talkative

about the wonders of America that I could not get a word in edgewise."

"America is lovely," replied Lillie, only it takes forever to go anywhere. Why, Mr. Thorpe, they think nothing of a thousand mile trip by rail. But let me tell you about our case, sir; I have more good news." Thorpe rubbed his thin hands together with expectation.

"Why, surely you did not find Charles in America?' This unexpected capture of the truth caused Lillie to change color slightly.

"Better luck than that," said Lillie, adroitly parrying Thorpe's unintentionally embarrassing question.

"You amaze me; be seated and tell me all," said Thorpe, seating himself in an adjacent chair.

"Well," began Lillie, "you know you always desired so much to find a witness to prove that Lindley extracted the charge of shot from Mr. Landsdowne's gun?"

"Yes, yes," repeated Thorpe, expectantly.

"Well, we have him; I have found him."

"Good!" he shouted vehemently, rising to his feet. "God be praised, two-thirds of our battle is won."

"Not so fast, sir, for the witness is only half-witted."

"Never mind," roared Thorpe, "we will drill him. If he saw the act, Miss Margate, and has only half brains, I will get the truth out of him; leave that to me."

Thorpe paced the floor with a defiant air; but coming down from his elevated position at once he humbly begged Miss Margate's pardon for the assumption of such egotism. "Why, my dear girl, you are a generalissimo of intellect; how in the wide world did you make this wonderful discovery? Ah, you are such an assistance to me." And the little man restlessly paced the floor again.

"Why, I met this—no, I must never call him idiot

again—this poor boy, Peter, who works at Landsdowne Hall. I met him on the road lugging a broken cart to the smith's.

"Yes," said Thorpe, interested.

"Well, I gave him a hitch, that is, hitched his cart behind my gig, and pumped him. Now, Mr. Thorpe, you must not think that since I have been to America I have learned to talk slang. But my! what a time I did have to get a word out of the poor lad. But I succeeded."

"Succeeded! I'll warrant you did," replied Thorpe enthusiastically.

"He told me he saw Lindley extract the shot from Mr. Landsdowne's gun and load the musket with the same shot."

"Good! Good! Splendid!" sang out Thorpe. But at once assuming a thoughtful mood he sat down and bit his lips. Thumping the table he said emphatically, "I believe I could try the case now!"

"Mr. Thorpe, please do try the case!" added Lillie with equal vehemence, rising from her seat.

"Girl, give me your hand; we'll do so;" and Lillie extended her pretty hand. Looking at each other they became embarrassed at their ridiculous demonstrativeness.

"Pshaw! what are we doing?" said Thorpe, withdrawing his delicate hand. "How can we try the case without a defendant to defend?"

"Perhaps we can produce the defendant," said Lillie, triumphantly.

"What!" said Thorpe, "is he alive? you are a little witch, indeed you are. What else do you know? Tell me, fairy. Do you know that Charles Landsdowne is well?" Thorpe was turning pale.

Lillie cast her eyes to the floor, then, half boldly, look-

ing up, her dark eyes beamed on the little lawyer like two electric lights. This is to be a secret too, she said, earnestly, never taking her eyes from Thorpe. I mean a professional secret. Judge me as a lawyer too."

"Yes, I swear by all the honor I ever possessed."

"Then Charles Landsdowne is alive and well. I saw him, and under the circumstances he is as happy as can be."

"That settles it," said Thorpe, sinking in his chair. "I always believed you smart, now you're great. You're mighty. You are worth a kingdom. I have nothing more to say. You are a heroine and I will secure the acquittal of Charles Landsdowne or never show my face again before a bar of justice."

Lillie, happy with the thought of having confessed her knowledge to such good purpose, proceeded down the steps. Thorpe followed to open the door that led to the street, saying: "Miss Margate, you can send him word to come home as soon as you like. God bless you! Good-by!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Tuppers gave a party shortly after their return, and all the *elite* of Maidestone and the surrounding country were present.

Miss Lillie Margate was the belle of the evening, tastefully dressed in orange and black satin, her pale face, dark brown eyes and still darker hair, forming a superb contrast. Entirely devoid of jewelry and ornaments, she was unlike the other young ladies present, who were bedecked to almost a vulgar degree with the family diamonds and ancient jewelry their mothers had worn. Lillie shone forth among them resplendent with good sense and modest gracefulness, which are purer and showier than diamonds.

Sir Richard Cartwright, a friend of the Tuppers from London, and one of the noted members of a great social club of that metropolis, was among the guests of the evening.

Cartwright was about thirty-one, tall and handsome; one of those clean, boyish faces, illuminated by a pair of what girls call roguish eyes, the very kind most young ladies admire and obey.

Reared in the atmosphere of the dazzling city, amidst all its pomps, vanities, gaieties, dissipations, follies and foibles, it would simply have been impossible for a man possessing the wealth and connections, added to the hilarious nature of Sir Richard, to remain what the world

calls an "eminently respectable and exemplary young man," but which, unquestionably, his face would indicate.

Once in a while we meet men of such clear skin and juvenile features, that they may go upon a protracted spree for ten days, sober up, take a pill, half a gallon of seltzer, or both, one good whole night's sleep, and then turn up the following evening at a party, looking the picture of unadulterated innocence. A glorious catch for mammas with marriageable daughters, or spinsters who are filtering into the golden afternoon of life.

Richard could spree, dissipate, be one of the innumerable owls of London one evening, the next attend Lady Cawthorne's grand reception, with a smile as innocent in its expression as though copied from one of Raphael's Cherub's.

Lillie Margate, although a girl of uncommon sense and far superior to the average country miss in intelligence and it might be added, grit, had never yet in her youthful career run across this particular kind of man. And Sir Richard, somewhat tired of the chronic shams of the city society, the laced and painted belles with artificial manners and manufactured beauty, though even such were far too good for him, at once became deeply interested in the evening's belle.

Old, professional *roues* are always attracted by innocence and maidenly modesty in preference to forward girls, who boldly, though perhaps not intentionally, invite their attention.

Thus Sir Richard, following in their footsteps, singled out Lillie Margate fifteen minutes after the amusements and dancing had commenced.

Mrs. Tupper introduced him as their particular London friend, and was sure Miss Margate would be highly enter-

tained by him with his stories of the great city. The dancing had recommenced, and Sir Richard, an expert waltzer, delighted Lillie, who never had met such a partner in Maidestone society.

After the second quadrille, which she danced with young Tupper, Sir Richard gallantly invited her to be seated, and proceeding to a settee in the back parlor entertained her during the time of the next set with some of his witty stories. He spoke of Lady Cawthorne's receptions, and how jolly they were, and after picturing in glowing terms the many beauties he had seen, he wound up by saying, as he peered straight into Lillie's grand face with his innocent, boyish eyes:

"But you, my dear Miss Margate, are the most graceful and lovely of them all."

Now it would be absurd to say that this country girl, who was almost a stranger to the art of flattery, especially when fired from a battery like Sir Richard Cartwright, did not receive a certain impression. She did. She thought he was one of the wittiest men she had ever met. She had, for the nonce, almost forgotten Charles Landsdowne, away off, an exile in another land, and as the dancing ceased, the lamps turned down and the guests departed, leaving her alone with the Tuppers and Sir Richard in the great parlors of the Tupper mansion, an inclination stole over her to know more of this city lord.

Connoisseurs in the art of love-making know precisely when to stop to enable the opposite sex to have a chance, and it could have been noticed that Sir Richard devoted the balance of the time between the closing of the ball and retiring time relating some of his witty yarns to the infinite amusement of Miss Tupper, while Lillie sat listening attentively in an easy chair, with her hand in

Mrs. Tupper's, with whom she occasionally spoke of their American trip.

As Lillie passed up stairs with Miss Tupper to retire, the hour hand of the old-fashioned clock in the hall pointed to three. Cartwright stood at the bottom leaning against the banisters. Looking up, he said, as if to both:

"Oh, could this delightful evening never end! Good night! good night! Thrice happy be thy dreams."

But a few minutes later, could the reader have gazed into the secret sanctuary of the maiden's apartment, he might have discerned the graceful form of Lillie Margate, clothed in the snowy vestments of the night, kneeling by her bedside with clasped hands in prayer. Praying for whom? One trusting heart away across the fathomless deep, and as she offered up her prayer she failed not to ask that her wandering lover might be brought back safely to enjoy again the comforts and pleasures of a happy home.

The morning came, and Lillie and Miss Tupper hastened to prepare for breakfast. Cartwright, thoroughly accustomed to late hours, was out walking about the premises enjoying a whiff of the morning air.

The first thing Miss Tupper asked the maid as they reached the parlor, was:

"Has Sir Richard arisen?"

"Yes'm, he's been out these two hours, mum."

"Yes, indeed, there he is out in the front garden. Let us go out, Lillie," said Miss Tupper.

Lillie, throwing a red shawl of Mrs. Margate's over her shoulders, and placing Mr. Tupper's weather-beaten hat, twice too large for her, on her head, caving it in on the top, and pulling one side down three inches lower than the other, and looking prettier than if decorated with a Parisian bonnet of the latest style, sallied out indifferently.

Had she dressed in her best the flatterer would have concluded at once, "After me, by Jove," but with the old red shawl all twisted over her graceful shoulder and that terrific hat, her face fresh as the sparkling dew still hanging on the blades of grass, perfectly unconscious of his presence, added an irresistible charm in his eyes. Richard was delighted to see them.

"You both look charming (Poor Miss Tupper was one of the homeliest girls in the city) after your evening's dissipation."

"Indeed!" replied Miss Tupper with a gratified smile.

"Oh! how I should like to live out in the country and inhale this fresh air into my London lungs every morning, instead of the everlasting fog, dampness and miasma," Richard said, swelling out his narrow chest and hitting himself like an athlete.

"However, you are a very fair specimen of miasmatic influences," quoth Lillie.

"I supposed they did not rise so early in London as we do," joined in Miss Tupper.

"Sometimes my duties detain me late in the evening, and then I occasionally take a late breakfast."

He had not gotten up before eleven o'clock for two weeks.

"I was out at daylight, listening to the birds. What a lovely day it will be. I should have aroused you both and taken you for a long walk. I am so fond of a stroll, especially when I have such charming company."

Lillie and Miss Tupper laughed.

"You are a born flatterer, I think," said Lillie.

"No, now don't say that, Miss Margate, because I do so detest intentional flattery. Let me qualify then by saying you both look lovely after your delightful party.

You know I believe that in the morning, after being up late, one feels really better than if he had secured a full night's rest. A party, especially if enjoyable, braces one up and brings the good nature to the surface."

"Papa wants us all to visit the mills this afternoon."

One of the largest nail mills in this section of England, and of which John Tupper was president.

"How would it do to take a drive this morning down to Seven Oaks and visit some of mamma's relatives?" said Fanny Tupper.

"Anywhere you say, I am at your disposal for the day," replied his lordship.

Lillie remarked, "I must go home to day."

"No, you shan't do anything of the sort. You shall just stay till to-morrow," rejoined Fanny.

Cartwright, too, had promised to be back in London by evening, but he would like exceedingly well to visit the mills, as he, aside from being interested as a stockholder, was anxious to witness the performance of a new American nail mill, lately introduced (although all the interest he took in the nail mill was very slight).

"Well, there is the breakfast bell, anyway. That we can all agree upon. A cup of tea," said Fanny.

The morning breeze was bracing and acted as an appetizer. Mrs. Tupper was fatigued and begged to be excused.

"We ought to have four to make a party," exclaimed Fanny.

"Never mind, never mind," said Lillie, fearing a partner for Fanny might cause Sir Richard to prove too monopolizing. Sir Richard stroked his chest again as he walked down the piazza and again complimented the country air:

"Oh, what a magnificent drive we will have!"

The family carriage, a big, lumbering vehicle but, withal, comfortable, soon appeared.

"None but honest, practical men like John Tupper would own such a rig as that," sighed Cartwright, as he handed the young ladies in one by one.

They drove along the turnpike. The day proved indeed lovely; spring had come. The apple trees were budding forth in blossoming splendor; the sweet cadences of the robin and lark were wafted over the new green meadows, the sparrows flitted from fence to fence twittering their merry chorus. The old-fashioned vine-clad cottages by the roadside, and the fairest face in Kent opposite, all charmed Sir Richard to a degree he had not experienced since childhood.

The day before them was one of those that calls back from the past the tranquil days of childhood, the sunny days of long ago, and brings to us peace. The busy working of the brain stands still; the accumulation of worldly anxiety disappears. Fear, remorse, jealousy, and all the weak emotions of the heart, are absent, and we find ourselves as in a peaceful sea, sailing amidst golden islands of pleasant thoughts, and we are happy; and, true to life, such serene moments frequently usher in some bitter disappointment.

The excursion was full of joy. They sang, laughed, and made fun of everything they saw susceptible of ridicule. They acted like school children. At length Seven Oaks was reached. The party dined at an old-fashioned inn—this was done to continue the merriment.

"It will kill us to visit mamma's staid, matter-of-fact sister," said Fanny.

"Yes, but you must deliver your message," replied Lillie.

So they decided to drive over to "Aunt Martha's" house and deliver it.

Fanny got out of the carriage, leaving Lillie alone with Sir Richard.

The merriment ceased.

Lillie sat in the corner of the large carriage diagonally opposite and as far away from Cartwright as she could get.

"Do you often come to Maidestone, Sir Richard?" she said.

"No, it is over a year since I visited the mills, and then I remained only till the next train. Now I have enjoyed myself so richly I shall come again, and if I do I wonder if I shall see you. You, I mean in particular, who have made it so extremely entertaining for me. In fact, to tell the truth, Miss Margate, I almost dislike to return so soon, leaving behind me"—he hesitated as if in doubt to proceed—"such—such—"

"Pleasant memories of the party at Tupper's," said Lillie, helping him out.

"Yes. Well, yes, the party—and the waltz we had."

"Now, now, you who have attended such grand balls and receptions in London must have looked upon last night's affair as tame in comparison."

"I do not always have such a partner as I had last night," he answered, innocently.

"Compliments again," responded Lillie; "Sir Richard, I am beginning to believe, is synonymous with flatterer."

"Truth is not flattery," he said, with another of his cherubic smiles.

"Thanks, then, for your compliment; but you cannot consider me a perfect waltzer, Sir Richard."

"I may not be a competent judge, but your dancing pleased me," he said, emphasizing the last word, "and that was why I was so happy last night—yes and all day, too. It must be the heavenly light of your eyes, or some other wonderful influence you young women possess over us poor mortal men." He sighed. He looked at Lillie with an expression of sadness upon his handsome, boyish face.

"It was the variety of a country party, and forming the acquaintance of a stupid country girl, that made the spice of your visit, I think," said Lillie, laughing, and displaying a row of pearly teeth.

"You are a little witch, a charming little witch, and you have bewitched me, I am afraid."

"Pshaw! Flatterers are not very susceptible victims to the black art."

"You don't mean that," he replied, again assuming his boyish, innocent air.

"Listen, Miss Margate, I have a friend, Lady Cawthorne, who gives a grand reception in London next month; how I wish you could come. I will have her enclose your family an invitation if you will allow me. You must come. If you do not shine as the beauty of the evening I will confess my error," said Sir Richard emphatically.

Lillie found she was getting into deep water with this innocent young lord, and she felt half inclined to refuse this strange invitation.

"A young country maiden may propose, but wise mammas dispose in this case," she said.

"Yes, but Archibald Margate, Member of Parliament,

certainly will not refuse to acquaint his daughter with his peers. Why, I believe a young lady forfeits the best part of her existence when refused the enchanting whirl of excitement in the gay society of London."

Lillie remained silent.

"Think what a chance for a young belle, Miss Margate. here you are shut out from the world."

He was talking eloquently but still there was something in his manner that the keen perception of the country maiden discerned was of a selfish motive.

"Yes, but where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to go to London to see these grand things and then become unhappy. Better a happy country girl than a languid society belle. I quote your very words."

"Here is Miss Fanny coming, you will not mention our conversation to her;" he spoke earnestly. "You will come; please say you will. *I believe you are the most sensible young woman I ever met.*"

"Mamma must be consulted," was the only answer Lillie gave him.

"Thanks," said Sir Richard, leaning forward to kiss Lillie's hand, which she quickly withdrew, her dark eyes flashing like fire, while upon her lovely face there appeared an expression of haughty pride, which seemed to say, "Be you prince or nobleman I allow no one to take such liberty," which only added an additional charm to her exquisite face, and caused the irrepressible young lord to fairly worship her. He jumped out of the carriage to assist Miss Fanny, and they soon resumed their hilarity.

Returning to Maidestone they visited the nail mills, the manager, Mr. Thomas, escorting them. Thomas was a thorough mechanic, artizan, and gentleman, a happy and extremely useful combination in any country.

He knew a great deal more than he dared or cared to tell about Sir Richard, and when he saw Miss Margate's sweet face in his company, he suspected that the attraction to the mills for his lordship was the company and not the supposed interest in their welfare

The walk about the seething furnaces and mechanical contrivances proved very interesting to Lillie, as Sir Richard discussed their various uses.

"Now those men," he said, "are feeders;" pointing to the nailers; "see what a respectable lot they are. They draw very large pay, I tell you—far more than many lawyers or rectors of country churches.

"These poor fellows," pointing to the feeders, "work harder and do not get half the pay."

"Quite unfair," said Lillie, looking them over, "but they dress better and seem to pay little attention to their surroundings."

Thomas was nearly choking as he suppressed a good laugh. "He has got it precisely wrong," he said to Miss Fanny.

Fanny replied, "Sir Richard seems to be very much entertained with my friend, Miss Margate, does he not?"

"How long have they been acquainted?" said Thomas, with a business air.

"Only a short time. They met at our house last night for the first time. He is so nice," said Fanny, with a half sigh.

Thomas hesitated a moment before replying.

"Yes, he is nice, that is, what young ladies, who do not know such a man, usually term nice."

"Why, Mr. Thomas, what do you mean?"

"I must only give you a hint. It would not do for me to say any more, Miss Fanny. He visits a certain fashion-

able lady in London, Lady Cawthorne; he may desire to invite you and Miss Margate to attend one of these receptions; all I must say to you is, Don't go!"

The carriage brought back the merry visitors. Sir Richard returned to London. Fanny Tupper surprised Lillie by whispering to her as they kissed and parted:

"Don't go to Lady Cawthorne's."

* * * * * *

James Darrow had passed a restless night in his American abode; occasionally he lost himself in a fitful slumber, but he heard the clock strike all the hours till daylight, when he fell into a deep sleep. In a dream he thought he saw Lillie with her face turned away from him. He was not superstitious, but he had never seen her in his imaginings, except when the light of her face beamed upon him like a guiding star, conveying hope and strength. He awoke and tossed about upon his pillow uneasily. "It could not be. Turned from me! Oh, could I but see her face again!" he exclaimed. "One reassuring look, one sweet smile."

* * * * * *

A few days after Lillie returned home she decided to go to Thorpe's office again, and arrange to send for Charles.

She had struggled hard to overcome her inclination to attend Lady Cawthorne's reception in London. Her mother favored it, which made it harder still.

"What has my poor Charles suffered? What a selfish girl I am. Pooh! Sir Richard! Pshaw! Nothing but a flirt and flatterer!" She pouted her pretty mouth and shook her head. "I will not go there and be made a target for their critical eyes. I won't go!" and she stamped that graceful foot and jarred the lamps in her room.

But then the loadstone of curiosity will draw with

twice the strength of a woman's determination. Then a doubt came.

"Perhaps I am doing a very foolish thing to keep up this clandestine courtship with Charles Landsdowne," she sighed. "It may cause me more trouble than I can bear. What shall I do? I will go to the London party. No, I won't. What a vacillating thing I am. I don't know what to do. Yes; I will be true to my first and only love," and she burst into a flood of tears.

Believing a ride would do her good and having promised to mail some letters for her father, she had Wallie hitch up the pony and went to town.

"I will speak to Thorpe, the enthusiastic but at the same time constant, matter-of-fact Thorpe."

Arriving at the lawyer's office she found Thorpe engaged with Jerricks, the detective. Thorpe arose, and dismissed Jerricks. He was so excited about his interview with the detective that he unintentionally omitted to salute his "lovely ally," as he called Lillie, except as a farmer would salute a merchant to whom he wanted to sell a load of hay.

"Your view is correct. Jerricks says you have struck it. His theory exactly, and he is willing to stake his reputation now that Lindley fired the fatal shot. He has discovered by the aid of a microscope, that the pickles were pulled out and not fired. Why, the parts of the very cartridge have been found, pulled to pieces, not exploded. The spiral screw on the end of the ramrod fits the holes made in the cartridge, and Charles Landsdowne is safe."

The latter sentence was delivered with a powerful oratorical emphasis.

After a few minutes' conversation Lillie talked of the

party at Tupper's, and mentioned Sir Richard Cartwright's name. As the words escaped from her lips, Thorpe, who had resumed his seat, jumped to his feet, and exclaimed:

"The biggest scoundrel in England!"

"Why, you astonish me, Mr. Thorpe."

"Yes, my dear young lady, but I know what I am talking about. Have nothing to do with him, Miss Margate. Avoid him as you would a snake. Why! Why, this is terrible! Terrible but true, and many true things are terrible, and I could tell you things about him which are indeed terrible! The young monster! Stories which would be unfit for your innocent ears! The young heart-breaker!"

Lillie thanked Thorpe and wended her way to Tupper's.

"Heart-breaker is it, indeed! Oh, that is not all! I am not afraid of him, the egotist."

Upon meeting Fanny she was still more surprised to learn that Mrs. Tupper and Fanny had been invited to Lady Cawthorne's reception, and Mrs. Tupper had resolved to go, and that was all Fanny could say.

"But, Fanny, what in the world made you whisper those alarming and portentous words when we last met, and then so decisively change your mind?" said Lillie, somewhat provoked.

"Why, I must tell you all, my pet," said Fanny, taking Lillie by the hand, patronizingly. "Mr. Thomas, the superintendent of the mill, gave me a hint about Sir Richard and Lady Cawthorne, and I mentioned it to mamma when the invitation came, but she only said, 'Fudge! that Mr. Thomas has always some wonderful gossip to relate, or knows of some great strike or happening about to take place, which never does.' Mamma does not believe a thing against Sir Richard, except that he may be a little

wild, and she says his face indicates that even that accusation is exaggerated."

This strategy of Sir Richard's in inviting the Tuppers was a clinching argument, and Lillie determined to go, come what would.

On her way home Lillie called again at Thorpe's to learn when she should convey news to Landsdowne. Before she left Thorpe had dictated a cablegram, which read:

"DARROW:—All safe, return at once.

(Signed,) THORPE."

CHAPTER XIX.

CURIOSITY.

"He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow."

The amount of curiosity developed in a young woman of twenty has never yet been ascertained by weight or measurement; suffice it to say that it will at times outweigh all the sound judgment with which she may be endowed, and occasionally rush her into the very jaws of danger and intrigue.

Lillie Margate had, after her visit to Thorpe's, fully decided not to attend Lady Cawthorne's reception. But the Tupper's were going, and, worse than all, she had just noticed in the *Illustrated London News* a graphic description and elaborate artistic representation of a late royal reception. "Mamma is almost crazy to have me go; I will not be over-polite to him. Sir! Sir! Sir! The horrid monster!" she exclaimed, as she shook her graceful little head with determination.

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On the deck of one of the magnificent vessels of the Inman Line one peaceful night, Charles Landsdowne sat watching the long line of silver the calm sea reflected from the moon. He had smokcd his third cigar.

He was in a quiet frame of mind, meditating over his immediate future. Every revolution of the great wheel was carrying him nearer to England and those he loved. Now came to his vision the same pale and lovely girl. Her

eyes he would soon look into. Her encouraging words soon hear.

Only to be near her, only to see her face again.

"All safe, return at once." These words were a light from a light-house peering through the darkness of his discontent, bringing hope and safety to his shipwrecked soul.

"God bless her," he would say, and then cruel fancies would arise and horrible suspicions would come.

"Perhaps it may not turn out as she supposes. Never mind, Heaven protect her. Should fate turn against me I will thank her and bless her, respect and love her for all she has done." Old Tom's haggard features came before him. The wrecked life, a grand and eloquent lecture on the misfortunes of an honest man. "Poor old man, what a heart, to leave me the wealth that should have been used in his life for his comfort and support."

A few days after the vessel steamed proudly into Liverpool, and Landsdowne went immediately to London, where he intended to converse with Thorpe before giving himself into the hands of the law.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SQUIRE AND THE CLUB.—"CASTLES IN THE AIR."

Squire Landsdowne, since the departure of his son and the election to parliament of Archibald Margate, seemed to lose all interest in Landsdowne Hall. He visited London quite often and there became acquainted with several members of a mercantile club; being an old gentleman of convivial tastes, he soon formed the habit of enjoying his evenings away from home; so much so, that it soon got whispered about the neighborhood, that the old Squire was taking his dinners too late and his potations too frequently.

Every business or social club has its Mulberry Sellers, and it was to the great projects and marvelous schemes of a certain enthusiast and visionary named Felix Brandon, that Squire Landsdowne gave ear and thought.

One night Mr. Brandon had a wonderful scheme to elucidate. It was to buy up the stock of a certain foreign corporation, "water it," and thereby reap a golden harvest.

"An entire mint in it, my dear Squire," Felix would say, with his arm on the Squire's shoulder familiarly, conveying in his tone a magnetic enthusiasm which would almost raise the confiding Squire's hair.

Mr. Brandon had made a study of the manner of approaching men with capital. He had done this all his life. There was an air of profound secrecy in his man-

ner. No one should overhear their conversation. They sat together in a high-backed old-fashioned settee, gazing into the bright coals, the medium through whose ruddy light are usually seen the unfinished and undefined mythical Spanish castles, which so seldom are completed.

"I am almost afraid," said the Squire, "that it will be impossible for me to raise the sufficient sum—£30,000 is a considerable sum to put in your hands in a week, the time allotted to close this important purchase. I have expended considerable on my place during the past few years." Felix Brandon, Esq., put his long forefinger across his prominent forehead and looked again into the red coals for a full minute. Then sipping his half emptied glass of port, he said slowly and cautiously, "I believe it will take but £25,000 at the start, Squire," as if £25,000 was a mere trifle to such a monied magnate as Felix Brandon, Esq. "Or, my dear Squire, how thoughtless I am. Why, I can advance you part of the sum; I never thought of that;" turning about on the settee so as to face the Squire, he said, "I do not really see the necessity of your raising one penny over £20,000 at present. In fact I am positive I can move the rest." Move was a pet word with Brandon. He could move anything with the necessary cash on hand. The Squire was delighted at the reduction of the sum. The fumes of the port on top of a layer of good old brandy which he had taken at supper, were strengthening his determination to go into the scheme.

Felix Brandon was a dealer in stocks. He occupied an office on Bond street and dealt in all manner of securities. He was frequently engaged by prominent bankers and corporations to unload stocks which by reason of a prospective decline were not considered good property. No actual charge of dishonesty had ever been laid at his door, but

he did not stand as high among the better class of brokers as he might. He was reserved and told his business to no one. He was visionary to such a degree that he had wrecked three fortunes of his own. At the club he was careful to seldom introduce any business negotiations with other brokers, or members of the Exchange. Knowing something of the Squire's nature by observation, he had studied up his wealth; he knew, in fact, that £20,000 was about all the Squire could well afford to lose.

"I will go in," the Squire at length remarked, "I can raise the sum."

"Now, I would suggest as a matter of precaution, my dear Squire, that I guarantee you from any loss." This was another pet phrase of Brandon's—guarantee.

"Also I know that the stock of this company can be so manipulated that we will clear ninety per cent; yes, ninety per cent, in three months. What will the great 'M. P.' Margate say then? What will all the Maidestone people say then?"

The Squire, looking again into the ambitious coals, pondered over these pointed arguments so well put by the crafty Brandon. When the sturdy Squire once made up his mind he was as firm as a rock. "Well, sir, I will do it," he said, turning to Brandon, whose nerves were quivering at the Squire's hesitation.

"Let us shake on it," replied the adroit Brandon, rising and extending his trembling hand.

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The killing frost of life is when we awake from a dream of confidence in a fellow mortal, and find that he has not only misplaced our confidence, friendship and esteem, but our funds.

It took Squire Landsdowne just one month to discover that Felix Brandon, private banker and dealer in stocks, had merely laid a trap for him, baiting the same with bombastic eloquence, garnished with roasted and savory falsehoods, and that he, Squire Landsdowne, was the innocent and unsuspecting rabbit that had been caught, certainly and decisively.

The wonderful advantages of the foreign corporation seemed to evaporate into exceedingly fine vapor, no matter how much the same stock was watered. It was the last meeting he had intended to hold with Mr. F. Brandon. His counsel advised him to put no more money into the scheme; not even to hire him and spend money in law fees. To commence criminal proceedings against Mr. Brandon and his confederates was the only means at his command to recover any portion of his money, and even then the prospect of proving anything was doubtful. But still retaining a remnant of faith in Brandon, the Squire called to plead with him. The artful broker was surprised at the demand of the Squire. "Why, we are on the very eve of success," and he begged and implored that the Squire should put in just a few thousand more. Chagrined and disgusted the Squire left the club-room, slamming the door, and declared it was the last slam he would ever give the door of the "Merchants', and Country Gentlemen's Club."

"No son, no fortune, no friends," he exclaimed bitterly as he walked down the steps, his voice full of emotion, his eyes down in deep meditation. He almost stumbled into the arms of a passer-by, who had evidently overheard his last remark. The pedestrian looked up hurriedly with an exclamation of joy. "My God, it is my boy!" exclaimed the elder of the two, as he clasped his arms

firmly around Charles Landsdowne's neck and wept like a child.

All his earthly troubles were merged in the one great comfort: "My boy is alive and safe."

"Cheer up, father, never mind your loss. We will go to work and make it up again."

"Oh, Charles, my darling boy, why did you not let me know where you were. My boy! My boy!" he repeated, keeping his strong arm tightly about him. "You will never leave me again, will you?"

On the way to the station they passed a brilliantly lighted mansion. A grand ball was in progress. Charles Landsdowne noticed as they walked by, the name hewed in the carriage foot-stone,—

CAWTHORNE.

On the train to Maidestone Squire Landsdowne's Saxon grit overcame his weaker emotions, when he learned the true story of the accident, and all the fight in the old man's nature was aroused.

"Not guilty, my boy, that is all I want to know, and I dare the world, I dare the world."

CHAPTER XXI.

LADY CAWTHORNE.

"No visor does become black villainy
So well as soft and tender flattery."

Flattery, thou double-faced siren, wilt thou dare seduce the innocent and pure alike with the brazen and the bad?

The great halls and palace drawing-rooms of gay Lady Crawthorne's elaborate London mansion fairly gleamed with gasiliers, rich curtains, massive mirrors with ponderous frames, rare paintings of fabulous value, carpets as velvety as a meadow lawn—all that art could suggest and wealth procure.

Carriages were coming, greetings exchanged.

"What a glorious night we'll have, Simpkins," said Sir Richard Cartright to a young swell, who leaned languidly against the mammoth staircase.

"Ah, yes, Witchard," was the effeminate reply.

"By Jove, I won't, unless a certain party comes, Simp," said Richard, digging Mr. Simpkins rather hard in the ribs.

"Say, old fellow, pway, don't be so demonstrative," replied the swell.

"Wait till you see her—the belle of Kent."

"Belle of Kent! Ha! Ha! Didn't knaw Kent evah had a belle," and Mr. Mortimer Simpkins looked up languidly at the bright roguish face of Sir Richard to see if his joke was appreciated.

"Wait, old man, till you see her; wait till you turn

those tired eyes of yours upon her. It will refresh them, you old deceiver," and he digged Mr. Simpkins again in the ribs.

"It seems to me, Witchard, you are deucedly playful to-night; would you, deah boy, exhibit respwect for my shirt fwont, if not for my wibs?"

Richard moved away towards the door. "I wish she would come." A merry voice followed by a matronly lady; then another light merry voice and a very heavy matronly lady.

"Good," exclaimed Sir Richard, throwing away all formality, and rushing to the door he welcomed them like a son and a brother.

Lillie's good resolutions not to be over sociable with Sir Richard floated away in the perfumed atmosphere of the gorgeous parlors.

Lady Cawthorne was a woman who had wonderful control over herself. Cradled and raised in a society of London, which glittered more by the display of wealth than the honest gleam of refinement and honor. She was an actress born, but had never appeared before the footlights—a beautiful society woman, with all the graces that the art of etiquette can bestow. Powerful to a wonderful degree in ability to entertain. Offering to the visitor a loving smile of welcome, so enthusiastic,—"So happy to see you. You are so welcome!"

Shaking both hands of Lillie's at once, and kissing her fondly, she exclaimed: "My dear, good girl, I am so happy to think you accepted my invitation. Come with me, I will wait upon you myself."

Tripping nimbly up stairs, she helped Lillie and Mrs. Tupper enrobe. First time she had done anything of the sort for years. When she walked down stairs she

hissed between her teeth: "The little country minx, how pretty she is."

Lillie was robed magnificently, but entirely void of ornaments. Every eye in the room was constantly turning upon her.

"Who is she? Who is she?" asked several ladies of Sir Richard.

"The belle of Kent!" he answered, proudly.

The belle of Kent became whispered about, and many sought an introduction. Lillie was at first slightly embarrassed, but as the excitement increased and the ball proceeded, she found herself becoming enchanted by the dazzling display, and her innocent heart palpitated with delight and triumph at being regarded the belle of the evening, where shone so many lovely competitors for that honor.

As the evening progressed, Lady Cawthorne called Lillie to one side, saying patronizingly in her too susceptible ear: "Why, my dear, do you know that you have created quite a sensation, you lovely little thing? I was not aware when Sir Richard told me he was going to invite the loveliest girl in Kent that I would find his promise so happily verified," and she gave Lillie an affectionate and admiring kiss.

An hour later Lady Cawthorne stood in the main hall. Looking through the reception-room door, she saw Sir Richard talking earnestly to Lillie. Lady Cawthorne's eyes were fixed on him like a basilisk.

"Curse him and his new-found country jade," were precisely the words this lady of social rank spoke. As she turned upon her dainty heel she almost ran into Mortimer Simpkins, to whom she laughingly apologized, when her heart was as heavy as lead.

This woman was in love with Richard.

Henry Cawthorne, baronet, was wholly wrapped in business; owner and manager of an immense fortune. His sole purpose in life seemed to be the study of its increase. He was building a railroad in India, and had been absent five months.

He cared nothing for society. "If I can only keep my pretty wife at home with her everlasting receptions till I have this road running in good shape," he said to a friend, "I will consider I am in excellent luck."

He wrote to her once a month.

His last letter contained a full description of a bridge they were building over a pass in the mountains. He concluded with the following words of affection:

"Dear little woman, I sincerely hope you are enjoying yourself. I was much pleased with the description of your last delightful reception; get up another. Do any thing you like to pass the time, my pet, and keep you interested till my return. Your husband,

CAWTHORNE."

Sir Richard Cartwright little believed when he invited Lillie Margate to Lady Cawthorne's that before two hours would pass in her company he would be so head over heels in love with that young country lady, that without her, life to him would be a burdensome blank. "There she is," he said, rapturously, "and why is it I cannot turn my eyes from her one moment? Brace up, old man," he said to himself, "and don't give way to this ridiculous passion."

Supper was over and those present were conversing in small groups. Lillie was sitting in the front parlor, near a window fronting the main street. The lamps

surrounding the mansion lit up the trees and shrubbery. Sir Richard came and asked permission to sit beside her, which was granted. Sir Richard seemed to have lost his cheerfulness.

"I want to have a little talk with you," he said.

"I wondered where you had gone," Lillie replied.

"I must confess I was ungallant in not excusing myself, but I was afraid I might exceed my welcome by pursuing you too ardently. Why did you come to this front window?"

"I love to look out on the street. It is such a change for us from the country to see the brilliantly lighted streets."

"How I wish you lived in London; how I could enjoy your company to the opera and the theatres, and what a delightful time we could all have. Lady Cawthorne is so very fond of you."

"She is a lovely lady; one of the most fascinating I ever met."

"I used to think so," said Cartwright, sadly, looking out of the window, "but—well—I won't say it. You will accuse me of flattering."

"Well, you are becoming so matter-of-fact, sir, of late, that I may have changed my mind as to that."

"Now, you believe me to be a flirt, Miss Margate?" He put this question decisively.

"Now, don't ask me such a leading question. You remind me of country lawyer, Mr. Thorpe, when you talk that way."

At the mention of this name Sir Richard changed color.

"Thorpe, Thorpe, that name is familiar. Where does he reside?"

"In Maidestone. I have heard him mention your name."

"My name?" and Sir Richard grew a shade paler.

"Nothing very strange in that," she said. "You are well known in Maidestone."

Sir Richard, resuming his self-complacency and suspecting Miss Margate may have heard a small particle too much concerning him, opened his battery of self-defence, thus:

"Miss Margate, were you acquainted with the ways of the world as I am, you would conclude that the ways of a young lord are not all pleasantness and peace. For the past five years I have been, to a certain extent, slandered and blackmailed; that is, I happen to be an intimate friend of Lord ———, and I will admit that while out on many a little lark together, which was really nothing more than boys' play, we may have done some things which laid us open to censure and criticism; but, telling the truth, I personally was not to blame. In order to shield him (on account of his mother), in a spirit of boyish recklessness I allowed myself to be compromised. Not wishing to bore you with any account of our escapades, I merely want to ask one thing, and that is, do not come to a conclusion about me without sifting the accusation, and you will find that I have been perfectly honorable, although very foolishly I have allowed my name to be connected with a rather scandalous proceeding."

Talk of this kind to a country girl of Lillie's temperament caused her to look upon Sir Richard as a loyal friend and a a sincere martyr.

"I am exceedingly sorry for you," she said, biting her lips. "You are brave, but I can scarcely see the necessity of your fidelity to such a reckless confrere."

"The public are too fond of coupling his name with some intrigue, and the truth of the whole matter is, Miss Margate, that there was really nothing in the accusation that would cause your cheek to blush, or your sweet lips to cry shame."

Lillie looked out of the window at the bright lights pensively.

Sir Richard had moved a little closer to ner on the sofa.

"Would that this night could last always," he said, in a sorrowful manner. His big, sincere eyes looking into Lillie's face.

"You don't really mean that," she said, puzzled as to his meaning.

"Miss Margate, why do you always believe me insincere. Sincerity has been the motto of the Cartwrights for ages."

"I don't know. You have told me so many wonderful things that your stories seem like fairy tales."

"Yes, and you seem like a bright, fairy enchantress, who has crossed my path. Why, I know not."

Lillie, becoming agitated at Sir Richard's earnestness, moved slightly away from him.

Looking into his boyish, pleasant face, she saw nothing but truth and honor. She was sorry for him for the moment.

"You will go home to-morrow and leave me here so lonely," he said, persuasively. "I am almost sorry we met."

"Sorry? Why?" she said, innocently.

"Why? Miss Margate, will I tell you the truth?"

The music had recommenced. They were dancing in the adjoining parlor. Lillie was still gazing out into the lighted street.

"The truth is, Miss Lillie Margate, I love you with all my soul."

As Sir Richard spoke these words two men passed the window arm in arm. The light gleamed on the face of Charles Landsdowne. Lillie Margate uttered a piercing shriek and fainted.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BUTTERFLY SOCIETY OF LONDON.

"Trust not him that seems a saint."

"I never knew her to faint that way in all my life," said Mrs. Margate, anxiously.

"It was something she saw out of the window, I believe," said Sir Richard, excitedly; "I am sure I saw nothing; we were chatting pleasantly about London."

Recovering from her faint Lillie retired to her room with Mrs. Tupper, her mamma, and several ladies.

The guests were departing, and Lillie and her mother and Mrs. and Miss Tupper were to remain till the ensuing day.

Mrs. Tupper had enjoyed the evening thoroughly, talked with every one, and insisted on dancing, to the infinite delight of Mortimer Simpkins, who more than once peered at her through his single-barrelled eye-glass, saying:

"By Jove, she's a doocedly clevah old lady, and exceedingly fond of fun."

Lillie had gone down stairs to recover a lost fan. As she looked out of the window where she had been sitting with Sir Richard, her attention was attracted to a drunken man on the street whom an officer was lugging along as best he could.

"Ah, there is the dark side of life in this great city," Lillie exclaimed. "Under the lamps of gay society all is

peaceful, promising and happy; out on the streets the miserable wrecks of broken lives wander about, cold, hungry and forsaken."

Thus pondering, she heard steps in the hall. It was Sir Richard; he was conversing with Lady Cawthorne, who had accompanied him to the door. Lady Cawthorne ordered the butler to retire. Lillie, fearing she should be seen, stood in the shadow of the large window curtain. She noticed by the tone of Lady Cawthorne's voice, that she was angry at Sir Richard. Lillie's ear caught every remarkable word.

"Dick, you're a naughty, miserable flirt, that's just what you are, and I've a good mind not to kiss you good-night; I've been so jealous all the evening that I am half sick."

"Now, sweetheart, that is a magnificent condition of things. You jealous of that little country thing! Why, I merely wanted to have a little flirtation; that's all, so help me, darling. Now forgive me, I will never do so again." Lillie was dumbfounded and crouched down on the floor.

"Yes, but she is so lovely."

"Yes, rather, but no sense; green as a meadow. I am all over my semi-infatuation now. Sweet countess, kiss me; that Louis Roderer (wine) went to my head and I made a fool of myself. Yes, just one little kiss; I love you better than a thousand simple maids of Kent."

"No, I shall not. You're as mean as mean can be. I hated you to-night. You ought to have seen me look at her; my eyes must have flashed. Kiss me; there, now go."

"Sweet countess, shall we go to the opera to-morrow evening?"

"No, the next evening. I feel better now;

I'm all over my tantrum; you love me, don't you? Come and see me the minute these people go. Now, remember," and she put her arm lovingly around his neck. "No more flirtations with the belle of Kent. The little wretch," added Lady Cawthorne. "She was in high glory to-night, wasn't she? She believed herself admired by the entire assemblage."

"Curiosity and admiration are very far apart," suggested Richard.

"Good-night, love," and the door slammed.

Lillie's first impulse was to wish she could sink through the floor where she lay, and leave London by a direct route via the center of the earth. Her next was to inform her mother, but this she knew would cause a scene, and the—Oh, my! should Mrs. Tupper hear of it, great goodness! She would pack up and leave the house at midnight or any other time. I must keep this also a secret."

"Well, that is London society," she continued. "I have had enough. To think I have even listened to tales of love from that brute. No wonder the apparition of Charles Landsdowne's honest face appeared through the window and frightened me into a faint. Charles Landsdowne. God bless him; now I know his worth. Never again shall I look at Sir Richard Cartwright." Overwhelmed with shame and disgust by what she had heard and witnessed, Lillie sought her room as soon as Lady Cawthorne retired. She longed for sleep to hide the unpleasant vision of Sir Richard and Lady Cawthorne from her thoughts.

"Fanny," she said to Miss Tupper; she was rubbing her eyes and was half awake. "What do you think of all this?"

"Oh, it's so tiresome," yawned Fanny, who had not half

enjoyed herself. (Yawn.) What do you think about it Lillie?"

"I? Why, I have seen enough; plenty! The hollow shams of city society cannot be compared to the honest, respectable and true joyousness of a good, old-fashioned country party.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOME.

"And like a bird that from the flowers,
Wing-weary seeks her wanted nest,
My spirit, e'en in manhood's hours,
Turns back in childhood's home to rest."

"Charles Landsdowne is at home," were the words that greeted them on their arrival at Maidestone.

And when the Margate family carriage, which met them in the town, pulled up at the front door of their home, Wallie assisted them out. Lillie waited to ask him the news.

"Your laddie has gang to his hame," whispered Wallie, pointing towards Landsdowne Hall.

He had raised his cap, and as he turned toward Lillie he exhibited a portentous look upon his wrinkled face.

"Is he at home?"

"The officers called th' morning; I fully spected to see them pass here, bairn, wie him, puir lad." He shook his head ominously.

"There they be, now. Nae, there's bit one, tither has stayed wie young meister." Soon a vehicle passed the gate with but one officer in it and no Landsdowne. Then Thorpe's sulky came in sight.

"Wallie! Wallie!" said Lillie, excitedly. "Put the pony in the gig at once; I want to see Mr. Thorpe."

Wallie obeyed and Lillie's fleet-footed pony overtook Thorpe's lazy cob in a few minutes.

"Home?" said Lillie, as she drove her pony neck and neck with Thorpe's bob-tail. Thorpe was startled at the unexpected visit.

"Yes, yes, my dear girl, home; the boy is home; I have effected a temporary compromise. He is to remain at home in charge of an officer until I can make an effort to procure bail. I am afraid it is impossible, however, to change the order of the indictment that he be held without bail. But I will never despair till I try. At any rate he will not remain a prisoner long."

"Prisoner!" said Lillie, with a shudder. "That's terrible!"

"Here is some one coming," said Thorpe.

"Yes, I must say good-bye," replied Lillie, urging the pony along and turning in to the Fielding's, to have a chat with Nellie Fielding about the coming trial.

In the evening she saw a carriage pass. It contained an officer and Charles Landsdowne. News had come that no bail could be accepted.

She walked down to the gate as the carriage passed.

Landsdowne raised his hat with his manacled hands; she noticed a smile on his face which seemed radiant with hope. She raised her handkerchief, the carriage rolled along, and as she turned to retrace her steps, she wept bitterly.

Old Wallie was pruning some apple trees in the orchard. He had witnessed the scene. "He'el ne'er coom back, my puir lassie, he'el ne'er coom back," he exclaimed, out of her hearing.

Charles Landsdowne's reception by his mother was affecting to a painful degree. Since the Squire had almost forsaken Landsdowne Hall, she had become full of vague doubts and fears for him. Grief during the past year had

added much to the weight of her declining years. Therefore, when she saw him first, instead of experiencing the joy a mother feels for the return of her boy, she hid her hands and wept as though her heart would break.

After a few assuring remarks and comforting words from him she soon resumed her former cheerfulness and blessed him for his bravery in coming back. "Now I know you are innocent, my blessed boy," spoke the mother, as she again folded him to her heart.

The day preceding the trial, Landsdowne, for the first time since his return to England, experienced a sense of nervousness and evil forebodings. He looked at the grim walls about him, to obtain a grain of comfort from some object in view, but there was none. The warden of the prison, a great friend of Thorpe's, came in with a small parcel, for which Landsdowne thanked him. The comfortable looking warden whispered a reply with a knowing smile on his full face.

"This is against the rules, young friend, but I see no harm in it."

The package had been torn open at one end. In the center was a beautiful red rose, and attached to it a tiny card, with the words, in Lillie Margate's handwriting: "Yours forever, Lillie." Landsdowne kissed the rose several times, and soon cast away all gloominess. "Yours forever," sounded in his ears like a revelation from another world. That night a sound, peaceful slumber brought repose to his troubled mind, and when he awoke, he felt as brave and reliant as if he were going on a pleasure excursion instead of about to be arraigned to answer such a dreadful charge.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TRIAL.

"Of God she sung and of the
Mild attendant mercy."

'Twas a dull day in Maidestone; farmers from the neighborhood of Landsdowne Hall arrived with their wagons to attend the trial; some of them had come prepared to stay a week.

The criminal court hall in the old court house was crowded, many ladies having secured front seats by coming early. Thorpe, dressed in his best court gown, his thin face shaven and a scrupulously clean appearance all about him, was busily engaged examining the indictment. Jerricks sat quietly eyeing the prisoner in the box with his steely gray eyes, evidently reading a history from his physiognomy. The judge, with powdered wig and black gown, sat chatting to Sir Cole Jerrold, of London, as if it were no new thing to preside over a murder trial.

The panel of jurymen had not yet taken their seats. The clerk was about to call their names. The Queen's counsel, Mr. Sidney Blake, was hunting up decisions from various digests. Charles Landsdowne, the prisoner, was seated in the odd-fashioned seat known as the prisoner's box. Surrounding him were his father and several acquaintances.

The jury had taken their seats. Mr. Blake commenced by stating the position taken by the prosecution. He also

claimed that he should prove by circumstantial as well as by direct evidence that the prisoner was guilty.

Jerricks never removed his eyes for one moment from Blake during his opening speech, which lasted about half an hour.

Thorpe, assisted by two able lights of the London bar, sat noting down every point made by Blake. Thorpe responded by a few prefacing remarks prior to the introduction of the evidence.

The first witness called for the crown was old Wallie, who walked up to the witness stand with an air of sadness.

He testified to finding the body of Warren Margate; the handkerchief of the prisoner stained with blood near the corpse; the finding of young Margate's gun with both barrels loaded; also the gun of the prisoner with one barrel evidently discharged.

He also testified to the fact of his having seen young Margate alive the night previous to the affair; the carrying of the body home, and other particulars with which the reader is familiar. Mr. Blake drew out additional testimony from the old gardener, much against his will, in relation to the family feud having existed "lang since al remimberance."

John Tague swore that Warren Margate had asked him in relation to the shooting in the thicket, and that young Margate had evidently gone there for that purpose and no other. On the cross-examination old Tague said he had heard Lindley threaten Warren Margate's life before the shooting. After the physicians had testified as to the post mortem examination and the cause of death, and several minor witnesses as to the flight and absence of Landsdowne, the most important witness for the crown

was called, William Lindley, who stepped to the stand in his usual sullen manner, amid whispering and murmuring in the assemblage.

Lindley, who was now undergoing a sentence in prison, was allowed to don citizen's clothes while giving evidence. Charles Landsdowne turned as he entered and looked him full in the face with a searching glance. Jerricks also moved his seat and listened attentively to the evidence. Lindley's face was pale but determined, knowing his testimony was his only escape.

He started out by relating, in a confused way, the details of the shooting, following as closely his former statement as his memory would permit. He reiterated emphatically that he saw Landsdowne deliberately shoot young Margate in "cold blood." At the conclusion of his testimony all eyes turned on the prisoner, some expressing a look of sympathy, but many revenge, horror and hate.

Mr. Blake here rested the case, and the court adjourned for the day.

The next morning Mr. Thorpe and Sir Cole Jerrold, one of the ablest cross-examiners in London, opened their fortifications on Mr. Lindley, and to-day the full record of this case, cited in the Old Bailey Calendar, and which it would be impracticable and tedious to give here, exhibits one of the shrewdest and most effective cross-examinations ever made of a leading witness in a trial of this kind.

Sir Cole Jerrold said in a quiet, unassuming way: "Mr. Lindley, do you say that you have told the court and jury all that transpired on that eventful day?"

"Yes, sir."

"You say positively that Charles Landsdowne committed the act and you saw him?"

"Yes."

"What were you doing at the time? Why were you there? State briefly, please."

"I were mendin' the fence, sir, for Squire Landsdowne."

"What were you doing with the musket in your hands?"

Mr. Blake objected to the question. No musket was brought out in the direct examination.

The Chief Justice: "The witness may answer whether he had a musket or not."

Lindley turned paler and hesitated fully a minute. Sir Cole continued: "The musket did not hurt you; tell us about it."

"I don't remember, sir," he muttered.

"Defective memory, eh? You remembered the shooting quite well. Now, Mr. Lindley, tell us the truth. You had the old musket that used to hang up in the storeroom of Landsdowne Hall, did you not?"

"I might 'ave 'ad it," scratching his head as if trying to think.

"Yes, you undoubtedly had," said Sir Cole, sternly.

Mr. Blake objected to this system of cross-examination, but Sir Cole replied: "The system may be bad, but we are getting some interesting information all the same."

"What do you propose to prove by the musket?" retorted Mr. Blake, sarcastically.

Thorpe's ferret eyes twinkled merrily. Even Jerricks winked and allowed a smile to play on his hard lips.

"Well, I 'ad it, sir," finally conceded Mr. Lindley.

"Yes, you had that old musket on the day of the

shooting, did you not, and at the time you say you saw the prisoner fire at the late Mr. Margate?"

Hesitating again. "Yes, sir."

"What were you doing with it?"

"Oh, I h'only took it h'out in case I should scare up a bit o' game, sir," answered Lindley, pleased with the inventive answer.

"Well, you found the game, did you not?"

"No, sir," replied Lindley, again looking disturbed.

"You said you stood by the stone fence when you saw the prisoner shoot the deceased?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now," said Sir Cole Jerrold, coming forward and looking Lindley in the eye, "did you not stand by the stone fence and shoot Warren Margate yourself?"

Sensation in the court room.

Lindley trembled and turned deathly pale. "No—no—sir."

"Now, you did not shoot any game, you said? How did the musket become unloaded?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Where did you find this musket?"

"In the store-room at the 'all, sir."

"When did you load it?"

"I didn't load it, sir.

"Oh, you were going to shoot grouse with air, were you?"

"No, sir. It were loaded afore I got it."

Sir Cole Jerrold thought a moment.

"Were you in the habit of cleaning Mr. Charles Landsdowne's gun?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you clean it the night before he went shooting that time?"

"I cleaned the h'outside, sir."

"On the ramrod there was a spiral screw, was there not?"

Lindley looked aghast. "I don't know, sir."

"Yes, you do. Now, tell the truth! That is what you are here for," roared Sir Cole.

"Well, I believes there were such a screw."

"Did you have any powder or shot?"

"Yes, I loaded" —

Lindley had said too much.

"Oh, you loaded the musket with powder and shot?"

"Yes—no, sir."

"Which do you mean?"

"You bother me, sir."

"Yes, I am sorry for that. But you loaded the musket, did you not?"

Mr. Blake denied the right of Sir Jerrold to put these questions in this matter without having foundation laid for them.

"The foundation will be erected after the walls, in this case," he replied.

"But I seriously object," continued Blake.

"My intention is to show by the witness that the prisoner did not commit the crime alleged; that it was committed by the witness." (Sensation.)

"Then I certainly will object on the ground that the witness cannot be made to criminate himself, if upon no other," said Blake.

This was just what Sir Cole Jerrold wanted. To put the prosecution's leading witness in a shape that he could not answer on the ground that he would criminate himself.

Leaning over to Thorpe, Sir Cole whispered: "How are we getting on?"

Thorpe answered, "Grand! Grand!"

"Then I will again ask you if Squire Landsdowne allowed the farm hands to have powder and shot on the premises?"

"No, sir."

"Where did you get the powder?"

"It was blasting pow—"

"Hold," said Blake, "do not answer."

Lindley looked nonplussed.

"Where did you get the shot?"

"For the same reason, don't answer," yelled Blake.

"You are giving your side of the case a very bad appearance, Mr. Blake, by refusing me this answer."

"It does not amount to anything and has no relevancy," said Blake.

"Then please let him answer it to please me," said Sir Cole, in a winning way."

"I don't care if he does."

"I bought it."

"Where?"

"I don't know, years ago in London."

"Now, are you satisfied, Sir Jerrold?"

"Yes, I am satisfied, that is untrue."

"Now, that is not right," said Blake angrily, to Sir Jerrold.

"No, I am sure it is not."

"What was the number of the shot you bought in London?"

"No. 5."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir, I think so."

Blake jumped to his feet again and demanded that his witness be not compelled to answer, on the ground that he might criminate himself. "I don't know how this may prejudice the jury and it is illegal and not according to the rules of evidence, and Sir Jerrold knows it."

"Let the cross-examination proceed,' said the Chief Justice, evidently very much interested in the witness' testimony. "In matters of this kind the courts will give every leniency to the prisoner. But you must not forget that Mr. Lindley, the witness, is not on trial."

"We'll have him on trial before long," said Sir Cole Jerrold, boldly.

"What did you do with the musket after you left the thicket?"

Lindley again looked bewildered at Blake to see if he should answer.

"Oh, tell him," said Blake, annoyed at the question.

"I took it home."

"How was it that it was found in the thicket?" Objected to by Blake as there was no evidence before the court.

"Only to save time, Chief Justice; we have testimony to that effect."

Lindley heard the last remark and pondered on it. "I may have left it in the thicket. I was so 'fraid, sir, arter seein' the shootin', I didn't know what to do."

"Did you not have a quarrel with young Margate prior to the shooting?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you threatened to kill him, did you not?"

"I don't recollect."

"That will do for the present."

THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

Witnesses for the defence were called. John Wilson, a

farm hand at Landsdowne Hall, swore he saw the old musket alluded to three days prior to the shooting; that it was in the store-room, broken and unloaded; that he saw Lindley repairing it the next day after his fight with Margate. Details of Lindley's blackened eyes and appearance were given. That Lindley left the house early on the morning of the shooting with the old musket, or something like it. Witness was at a distance.

"Did he return with it?"

"No sir; he did not have it when he returned."

That he heard Lindley threaten to kill young Margate and call him terrible names.

The next witness examined was Peter.

"Don't know any other name. Folks always call me 'Foolish Pete.' Don't know the reason why."

Blake objected; he did not believe witness understood the nature or solemnity of an oath.

"We shall see," said Sir Cole.

"Mr. Peter, where were you born?"

"Lunnun."

"Before we hear his testimony I will insist upon his being examined with that object in view."

"Do you understand the nature of an oath, sir?" said Blake. Peter grinned.

"Quite the proper course to take," said the Chief Justice. "Allow me to ask him. Where were you born?"

"In the poor house."

"You consider yourself capable to testify, do you?" Peter grinned again and nodded affirmatively.

"What is an oath?"

"To swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Ha, ha!" said Sir Cole, "a better definition than you could give, Blake."

"Do you know what your punishment would be if you swore to a falsehood?" asked the Chief Justice.

"Yaas, sir; go to hell."

"Well, that is true; but what punishment on earth?"

"Aboot four or five years in jail." (Titter in the audience).

"How long have you lived at Landsdowne Hall?"

"Ten years."

"Whom do you work for?"

"Squire Landsdowne," pointing to the Squire.

The Chief Justice suggested that Squire Landsdowne be sworn.

"Squire, do you believe this boy understands the nature of an oath?"

"I am sure he does," the Squire responded.

"Can he be trusted to perform the usual chores and duties about the farm?"

"Yes; and furthermore I have always found him truthful, honest and faithful.

"Let him be sworn," said the Chief Justice, with a toss of his head at Blake's interference.

"Mr. Thorpe, examine the witness," said Sir Cole Jerrold.

"Mr. Peter," said Thorpe, "where were you the evening before Mr. Margate was killed?"

"At Landsdowne Hall."

"Did you see Lindley that evening?"

"Yaas," nodding his head.

"Where was he?"

"In back kitchen."

"What was he doing?"

"Fixin' auld musket."

"Did you see him load the musket?"

"Yaas."

"Where did he get the powder?"

"It was the blastin' powder from the barn. I knowed where he got it."

"Where did he get the shot?" Peter grinned at the query and looked at the jury. Every eye in the court room was riveted upon him and a deep silence prevailed.

"He pulled it out of Maester Charles' gun with the ramrod."

"Who told you to say this?" exclaimed Blake. Peter grinned at him, not deigning a reply.

"He pulled out the shot, piece by piece, this way," and Peter described, in his idiotic way—which was dramatic owing to the intense interest prevailing, even Blake being silenced for the nonce—how Lindley twisted the ramrod to break the cartridge.

"When he loaded the musket did he put the shot or powder in first?" interrupted Blake.

Peter looked at him sarcastically. "Ain't you smart?" was all the answer he gave the Queen's counsel. Laughter and suppressed applause.

"He loaded the old musket. I thought he was foolin' at first. Then I went out to feed the dogs. When I comed back he didn't see I."

"What did he say?"

"He were mutterin' to hisself."

"Do you remember what words you heard?"

"Yaas. He said he'd—he'd"—looking at the Chief Justice he asked, "Can I say the bad words he said?"

"Yes, sir; tell it all."

"He said, 'This will blow the young devil's damned brains out.'"

"Whom did he mean?"

"I didn't know then; now I do. Young Mr. Margate. There be witches over in them thickets," he added, as his daft brain took another turn.

"Never mind the witches now, Peter," suggested Thorpe.

"How do you know that Lindley wanted to kill young Margate?"

"'Cause he said day afore he'd kill young Maester Margate if he'd hang hundred feet high, he did."

Blake looked crestfallen at this statement.

Jerricks' gray eyes fairly snapped. Sir Cole Jerrold stretched his long legs out in a self-satisfied manner. The Chief Justice leaned back in the large judicial chair and watched the effect this testimony was having on the jury.

The clock struck five; the court adjourned for the fourth day of the trial.

Peter was detained by order of the court during the night, no one being allowed to converse with him in regard to the case.

CHAPTER XXV.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

"A heart unspotted is not easily daunted."

At the opening of the fourth day Peter was rigidly cross-examined by Mr. Blake without eliciting any change in his statements of the day before. When the Queen's counsel would badger him he would grin complacently, but he never was puzzled or embarrassed. Peter had grown to dislike Mr. Blake, and ridiculed his questions as unworthy of answer. When Blake asked him if he had not been told to give this testimony at Landsdowne Hall, Peter replied, "You think everybody be a rascal like thou, don't ye?" This reply fairly convulsed the curious on the back seat, and in fact brought a smile to the stately face of the Lord Chief Justice. Blake looked disgusted for a moment at the reply, but recovering his usual suavity immediately, tossed his head at Peter, and laughing out with the rest said, "There, now you may go."

The next witness called by the defence produced a sensation throughout the court chamber,—Miss Lillie Margate. Charles Landsdowne exhibited for the first time during the trial considerable agitation. As Miss Margate removed her veil, displaying her face to the eager eyes of the numerous barristers within the paling, whisperings became too audible, and the bailiff rapped for silence.

"I have met Mr. Landsdowne and know him quite

well. We attend the same church." Squire Landsdowne, who sat near by, looked up at her with a half frightened stare, as if expecting some evidence detrimental to his son.

She proved that no ill feeling had ever existed between this last generation of Landsdownes and Margates, to her knowledge, and although never allowed to associate with young Mr. Landsdowne because of some ancient family feud, never fully comprehended the reason.

Answer to Sir Cole Jerrold:

"I am sure Mr. Charles Landsdowne never entertained the slightest animosity toward my poor brother. I conversed with the prisoner—I mean Mr. Landsdowne—the day before the tragedy. He was warm in his expressions of friendliness and said he longed for the time when the feud would end."

Blake was about to stop her testimony as irrelevant. One look from the eagle eyes of Sir Cole changed his mind. Blake refused to examine the witness.

Charles Landsdowne never thoroughly knew what love was until he had listened to the sworn testimony of the last witness.

Eloquent speeches were made on both sides, and Thorpe, the little nervous man, outdid himself. He arose and surveyed the jury.

"My client's life," he said, "is in your hands, and I believe it is safe; but a serious charge rests on you to-day, gentlemen. It is not that you will do your duty as men living under the laws of a Christian country that causes me alarm, it is that the learned and ingenious counsel for the crown may succeed in raising before you such a weight of circumstantial evidence against the prisoner that will place you in a position where what you would suppose

was your duty might cause you to decide unfavorably to him. Would that the Almighty would open your eyes to see the truth. On that single word I could rest my case. But here we have an unfortunate chain of apparent evidence to contend with. Could I but picture to your minds the fact that there sits in that prisoner's box a young man whose generous impulses, noble characteristics and manliness would make it impossible for such as he to commit the atrocious, cowardly act that transpired in the thicket! Is it possible for a young man whose previous history is respectable, honorable and kind, to change in a flash into a red-handed and cowardly assassin? I say, gentlemen, it is not nature! It is not so! It is impossible!

"That this murder was committed we do not attempt to deny, but that any malice existed, or ground for trouble, between deceased and Charles Landsdowne, we emphatically do deny. (Murmuring and whispering in court.)

"That Charles Landsdowne committed the act you do not in your hearts believe. You know he did not. And it has been proved here on this trial that as strong a chain of circumstantial evidence as was ever wound around a prisoner in the annals of this country, has been about the witness, Wm. Lindley, whom it is out of our jurisdiction to try (he having turned Queen's evidence).

"The flight of Charles Landsdowne can be accounted for. He believed he had killed young Margate by an accidental shot, knowing that no one would ever believe there was no malice existing between them; not knowing that behind that stone fence in the thicket, musket in hand, with heart full of hatred, malice and revenge, stood the cowardly murderer of poor Warren Margate. The sportsman's gun of Charles Landsdowne, and the assassinating musket of William Lindley were fired simulta-

neously. The first by the accidental bending of a bough, while the prisoner was aiming at some game, the latter by the murderous fore-finger of the man Lindley, whom we have shown to have led a villain's life from his cradle up.

"Now, gentlemen," growing vigorously eloquent, "which evidence will you accept, the whining, cowardly confession of a convict, or the unimpeachable statement of poor Peter, whose mind may wander at times, but whose testimony could not be shaken by the adroit, lengthy and painstaking cross-examination of the learned Queen's counsel, because he spoke the truth? All the lawyers on earth cannot change that. That is my text to-day.

"Did you not notice the pale face and trembling form of William Lindley when he discovered that Sir Cole Jerrold knew the musket story as well as he?

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"I know you have arrived at the truth. I feel it in my heart. I see it in your eyes. I believe the Almighty has looked down from above and pointed out to you, and each of you, the truth."

At the close of Thorpe's remarks a general feeling of satisfaction seemed to pervade the atmosphere of the court room.

It was seven o'clock P. M. when the jury retired. All the assemblage except those immediately connected with the case dispersed. The gas was dimly burning in the court chambers. The jury had been out two hours. Nine, the old bell in the court-house tower tolled. A pale face hidden by a veil and accompanied by Mrs. and Master Tupper, peeped in and inquired in a whisper of a bailiff, "Any news?"

"No, marm," the bailiff replied, half asleep, rubbing his eyes. "It may take hours."

Ten o'clock came. A knock at the door; a hum of voices in the corridor:

"They have agreed!"

The Chief Justice had stated that if the jury agreed upon a verdict prior to the hour ten, if sent for he would come. In he marched sternly with his associates. The prisoner was brought in between two officers. The lights were turned up; the usual deep silence prevailed. Soon quite a number of townspeople, who had heard that the jury had agreed, began flocking into court. Charles Landsdowne was pale but firm. The Squire sat near his son.

The court asked the foreman in a measured tone of voice, "Have the jury agreed upon their verdict?"

"We have, your worship."

"Then state your verdict."

The foreman replied, "Not guilty."

The future happiness of two lives was suspended on this answer.

A woman's shriek was heard in the back seats. Lillie Margate had fallen in a dead faint, and Charles Landsdowne shed tears for the first time since the accusation.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LIBERTY.

"Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Givest beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day."

The second day after the trial dawned serene and beautiful. Charles Landsdowne arose early, and walked about the dear old home, that had so kindly sheltered him from his earliest remembrance. The birds in the trees seemed to sing with a freedom. The farm hands were bustling about, laughing and joking. The maids were singing at their work; in fact all nature seemed to beam forth a pleasant welcome to the freed prisoner.

A heavy weight had been lifted from the Squire's heart. He was in his study, where he usually sat an hour in the morning, figuring up to see how long it would take to repay the debt on the farm,—the borrowed sum he had so foolishly squandered. Charles had determined that the first stroke of business he would perform after his freedom would be to pay this up, and thus surprise his perplexed parent. After breakfast he therefore took a favorite riding horse and cantered to town. Arriving at Maidestone he settled with the bank where the "Brandon loan" was negotiated, and paid Thorpe handsomely for his successful defence; in fact a bigger fee than was usual to interest his nervous palms; thanked him heartily for his untiring energy, and journeyed toward home.

As he was passing Fielding's gate a small gig-cart overtook him, and in the seat was none other than Lillie.

Jumping from his saddle he shook both hands warmly and planted upon her sweet cheek such an enthusiastic kiss that Lillie's pony looked about saucily, as much as to say, "Well, I declare!"

What happiness they experienced in this meeting can not be portrayed by pen.

"Lillie! you have saved my name, my future, my life!"

Lillie blushed. "What a grand speech little Thorpe made."

"Yes, I have just returned from Maidestone, where I have been to compliment him."

"Charles, how happy I am that you are free. Your trouble hung over me like a pall," said Lillie, looking up with tears of joy in her brilliant eyes. "I chide myself for not hunting you up before."

"There, now, you angel of light, do not chide yourself. I sometimes think I was very cowardly to run away, but probably it was all for the best."

"That is just what Thorpe said," replied Lillie, resuming her gaiety.

"What a change has come over my father. He looks ten years older, but I will revive him again."

"We must now break up the feud," said Lillie.

Landsdowne grasped her hand. "Yes; we have but one object in life now; break up the feud, and all be good friends."

"Yes, good friends," she echoed.

"You and I good friends," he said. "God bless you, Lillie, you will be my wife."

Lillie held down her head. The pony looked about

again. The robins on the stone fence by the roadside were singing. The sweet-scented clover wafted its fragrance from the meadow.

One hundred thoughts passed through Lillie's mind at once. The day in the church; the meeting on the road; this very spot before the accusation; Sir Richard Cartwright; the trial; the verdict. Yes, the verdict, what will it be? "Yes!" she answered; rather a determined yes, but, withal, the sweetest music ever borne upon the breeze to mortal ear.

Charles replied, "Bless you, mine forever!" Jumping in the saddle of his impatient horse he saluted Lillie gallantly and left the gig and pony far behind. When Charles entered the gate of Landsdowne Hall and rode up to the house with the release of the Squire's mortgage in his hand, and "Yes," ringing in his ears, he was the happiest man in all England.

THE END.

And now we cannot dwell upon the golden scenes of love's bright dream. This story has run its course. All interest ceases when nuptials come, but, reader, a few more words:

The grand wedding took place at Margate's. Squire and Mrs. Landsdowne were present. Archibald Margate and Lady fairly brimmed over with generosity, kindliness and welcome. Emotions hidden by the antagonism of a century sprang to life. The Squire and Mrs. Margate, Archibald Margate and Mrs. Landsdowne danced in the Sir Roger de Coverly. The fortune bequeathed by Old Tom enabled Charles Landsdowne to add vast improvements to the estate. As years rolled by the flowers blooming along the walks were picked by sweet little Landsdownes, and many a day under the shadowy trees sat

Grandpa Margate and Grandpa Landsdowne chatting harmoniously on the political problems of the day, whilst the good old ladies busied themselves discussing household affairs.

On a recent visit to America Charles Landsdowne and wife visited the grave of Old Tom, and there now stands over his remains a monument, placed by the only true friend he ever had, which bears in the inscription a brief history of

THE MILLIONAIRE TRAMP.

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